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STANDING WATERS

By J. Redwood Anderson

TO EILEEN.

PUDDLES.

The casual children of the storm, they play like ragged urchins in the public road. Even the Earth, their mother, holds them cheap : she feeds them not—for them no welling fount of waters from her bosom flows ; they wait on the chance mercies of the passing showers. Nor are they clothed as are their foster-brothers of field and meadow, in fine cloth of grass green-woven with gay broideries of flowers, but in coarse tatters from the gutter picked and muddy fents. They have no playfellows save the drab tousled sparrows ; and no toys, no wind-blown petal, fallen leaf, but make what sport they can with twigs and random straws and matches by the careless passer dropped. None gives them heed, and they must live their days neglected and despised, to come at last to shrunken grey decrepitude and die, sunk in a nameless grave as paupers are. None gives them heed, poor urchins ! Yet have I many a time been cheered upon my way seeing how bravely they have made the best of their lean chance : no merrier laugh than that which on their dirty faces greets the wind ever to ripples flashed ; no friendlier smile by any pool is given than when the sun shines from their eyes. Then is their poor attire forgotten and their lowly circumstance,

and I remember only
youth's irrepressible joy, the loveliness
inseparable from waters great and small,
whose power and gift from God is to reflect
the lights of heaven ; and as I go my way,
often in sudden deep humility,
often in gratitude, I pause to bless
the cheerful puddles of the public road.

THE LAKE IN THE PARK.

This is tamed water. Not even the stiffest breeze
stirs it or wakens on its surface more
than a street-corner chatter of revolution,
babblings of liberty—and then again,
the proximate hurt forgotten, down it lies
docile, obedient, in its cell of stone,
serviceable and safe. And why rebel—
well-fed by brimming conduits, sleek of skin
as any cat pampered with creamy milk ?
nor must it labour : unlike the captive race
that turns the water-wheel and loads the press,
or dies to feed the hissing cylinders
with steam, and in a hundred uses
subverses the restless wills of men—its task
is to be beautiful and in the sun
of idle days to shine and be admired.

It shares with the gay bandstand and the large
and striped umbrellas of the tea-pavilion
the favours of the public. On the path
of sifted gravel that surrounds it, walk
nurses with ribbons flaunting from their caps,
silk billowy cloaks and new-starched uniforms,
with baby-carriages gleaming and bright
in paint and polish : and the children's eyes
ever and again are turned upon the lake,
taking delight in the slow swans that move
in lordly state-processions ; taking delight
where, in the midst, the fountain, like a fern,
curves its fine-feathered spray in filmy fronds.
And there eternal lovers, two by two,

walk on the gravelled path : to them the swans
 are the white progress of a perfect love ;
 and when the birds pass under the green eaves
 of shadow-stooping branches and the white
 dims, an unconscious sigh tightens their breath.
 Even the old men, where they sit and doze,
 or read God knows what ragged literature,
 on the free benches fronting it, will glance
 now and again on the lake's marbled light,
 watching the drowned reflection of a cloud
 sleeping, or the quick-scurrying ripples break,
 tinkling like fairy bells, on the stone lip :
 say, as they look, what pitiful heat of youth
 stirs in the grey accumulated ash
 of their souls spent and finished ? So the lake,
 tame, trim, domestic, plays its part in the world,
 to serve the busy leisure of the town
 with placid entertainment.

Howbeit, all things have their phantasies,
 day-dreams, in which the impossible puts on
 brief actuality—how else could men
 endure ? or captive waters ? anything
 that wears the bondage of civility
 and cries a *No* to nature ? For the lake,
 'tis when the boys come with their model boats—
 yachts, ships and steamers : then, its servitude
 forgotten, it becomes the whole brave sea
 and every ripple dreams itself a wave.
 This is the Solent—there the cutter speeds
 to the flagged buoy, topsail and flying jib
 out-bellied by the spanking breeze ; and that
 is fierce Magellan—with bare masts and spars
 the labouring merchantman beats up the storm ;
 here a grey cruiser, stripped for action, steams
 into the murk of war ; and there, far out,
 sails the white ship of all adventurous thoughts
 that ever lodged with boyhood ! To what shore,
 perilous, remote ? what treasure-island lying
 low on the horizon like a drift of smoke ?
 what pirate-hold in burning Barbary ?
 what Caribbean coast where Aztec gold

tempts the brown Spaniard ? what pale Arctic floes,
 what strange auroras of the North ? Truly,
 the lake, too, has its dreams—even as we.

THE CANAL.

It is the haunt of water-voles and shrews—
 the sand-bags of its banks have crumbled in
 leaving dark earth, their refuge ; over it,
 in the low sunlight of the passing day,
 black-coated gnats dance to their own thin pipe ;
 reeds wade in it knee-deep, and large flat leaves
 float on its surface ; there, an arching bridge
 makes with its calm reflection a full round.
 It is own brother to the lazy stream
 two fields away, and shares with it the rows
 of pollard willows that, like antic crones
 stooped under brushwood-bundles, seem to stand
 resting, in weary attitudes and gaunt.
 Once, long ago, it had a place in life :
 from bank to bank its watchful surface broke
 to undulant business as the painted barge
 lumbered behind its straining horse. But now
 scarcely a vestige of the tow-path shows
 between the grass and bramble—never the blunt
 prow of a boat disturbs its drowsy peace.
 Like an old horse turned out to graze, or like
 an old man slowly loitering to the tomb,
 it lives forgotten and of no account.
 Nevertheless, it, too, has its reward
 and beauty pensions it : for when the Spring
 deepens to Summer and the evening falls,
 see, how along its level float of leaves,
 like stars in softer constellations shining,
 bloom the pale lily-flowers, each from its pink
 and pointed bud unfolding ! And when dusk
 holds all the quiet precincts of the fields,
 now and again, rarely, you may espy
 the grey wings of a sailing heron
 mirrored within it, like a thought of God.

FATHER AND SON

By F. R. Higgins

ONLY last week, walking the hushed fields
 Of our most lovely Meath, now thinned by November,
 I came to where the road from Laracor leads
 To the Boyne river—that seemed more lake than river,
 Stretched in uneasy light and stript of reeds.

And walking longside an old weir
 Of my people's, where nothing stirs—only the shadowed
 Leaden flight of a heron up the lean air—
 I went unmanly with grief, knowing how my father,
 Happy though captive in years, walked last with me there.

Yes, happy in Meath with me for a day
 He walked, taking stock of herds hid in their own breathing;
 And naming colts, gusty as wind, once steered by his hand
 Lightnings winked in the eyes that were half shy in greeting
 Old friends—the wild blades, when he gallivanted the land.

For that proud, wayward man now my heart breaks—
 Breaks for that man whose mind was a secret eyrie,
 Whose kind hand was sole signet of his race,
 Who curbed me, scorned my green ways, yet increasingly loved me
 Till Death drew its grey blind down his face.

And yet I am pleased that even my reckless ways
 Are living shades of his rich calms and passions—
 Witnesses for him and for those faint namesakes
 With whom now he is one, under yew branches,
 Yes, one in a graven silence no bird breaks.

INTO THE LIGHT.

By Lyle Donaghy

I.

Since you came out you've been the sun of early spring,
 my heart a bank of heliotrope,
 that under my faith's broken wall still grew to you,
 the very flower of winter and dank salty smelling ruin—
 but purple that it was,
 nor could like crested moss be burned brown by decay;
 nor wist such love to be its own bond at any time
 or to submit that an underling arrest the orient stems,
 which must so turn into the light to worship you—
 the least and most constrained of loving things.

2.

I have found a house now, such as you would always have chosen,
 with red ivy sprays crept wilding in over the sills,
 with peacocks on the roof-tops,
 and white doves in a beech tree at the side,
 in which, as O'Rahilly had said, the guest-space becomes
 your dignity and mine.
 I have forbidden that any menial convey the shutters across,
 or blind the walls to North, South, East, or West,
 for I would not have you returning to a darkened place.

3.

Although I have made cuttings through half the country thither,
 and heavied its face with the dark brought-out lead and
 silver—
 those dumps of untried ore, like worm casts of a black soil
 I know that I have worked through to sun-steeped shore.
 Although the forests have been levelled before me,
 the native inhabitants perturbed and scattered,
 with only the ashes of the camp-fire sown in my rear,
 and though I may not win to look forever from this peak,
 I know that I have gazed on the Pacific.
 Yea, I have won at last,
 there where you always dwelled
 where the blue ocean pants with love upon the gold-
 bowed floor.

4.

A king reigned in Ulster ;
 He went down once in his fairy shoes
 under Lough Rury,
 where the sight of the great river-horse twisted his mouth with
 fear unfitting him to reign longer ;
 but they hid the defect from his own eyes many years,
 till he saw it clearly at last in the mirror of a girl's words :
 then being who he was
 he returned to the lake
 and sank adown once more through Lough Rury's wave,
 his sword unsheathed ;
 to the watchers on the bank nothing appeared in the bloody
 commotion of the water,
 but on the tumult's beginning to re-settle
 he came up into the light,
 his left hand weedy with the beast's mane,
 the sword red in his right.
 " Ulstermen, I have conquered," he said.
 and ere he sank, they noted that his mouth was straight
 and his countenance pure and kingly as of old.

5.

I have a new faith now
 that's Protestant as bird-song
 —Puritan the way light is—
 that admits no compromise which vitiates the root,
 a creed that's applicable all the way ;
 and a song wavers back and forth my lips
 as might a bird that tries a once-touched spray,
 or as the nectar ekes up from the flower's heart's roots
 to be moist at the petal base,
 or as the wind awakens and increases till the sky's dark billows roll
 and lightning several-glances like a mackerel shoal.
 or as a living look of beauty that draws its breath from loneliness
 and sorrow true-sweet love delight and walking at liberty.

Four Poems by Patrick Kavanagh :

I.

MY ROOM

10 by 12
 and a low roof
 if I stand by the side wall
 my head feels the reproof.

Five holy pictures
 hang on the walls—
 the Virgin and Child
 St. Anthony of Padua
 St. Patrick our own
 Leo XIII.
 and the Little Flower.

My bed in the centre
 is many things to me—
 a dining table,
 a writing desk,
 a couch,
 and a slumber palace.

My room is a musty attic
 But its little window
 Lets in the stars.

DARK IRELAND

We are a dark people
 Our eyes are ever turned
 Inward
 Watching the liar who twists
 The hill paths awry.

O false-fondler with what
 Was made lovely
 In the Garden.

A PRAYER FOR FAITH

O give me faith
 That I may be
 Alive when April's
 Ecstasy
 Dances in every
 White-thorn tree.

O give me faith
 That I may see
 The angel of
 The mountainy
 Places in Dream's
 Infinity.

TO A COLTSFOOT BLOSSOM

Oh coltsfoot blossom
You're a hardy chap !
So early on Spring's
Shut door to rap.

You have the faith
Of a saint of God
If you can believe
In that frozen sod.

Now, you are not
A flower at all
For me, but a gap
In Winter's wall.

That I may see
The fields that are
Bright with many
A daisy-star.

Coming so early
And gaysome yellow,
Oh coltsfoot blossom
You're a fine young fellow !

THE HOAX AND EARNEST OF THE WASTE LAND

By Herbert E. Palmer

ONE of the half score most discussed books of 1930 was T. S. Eliot's *Ash Wednesday*. It is strange that a tiny work, which was not exactly prose, should have received so much attention. It contained only thirteen printed pages (O, unlucky number for somebody!) and though sprinkled with beautiful passages had evidently been written to be understood by no one save the author. But critics and reviewers—ancient reasonables as well as modernists—wrangled over the thing like dogs over a bone, and then went on to talk about T. S. Eliot's earlier poem, *The Waste Land*. This was quite as it should be, because *The Waste Land* has had more influence on the verse of the last half dozen years than any other long poem of note. At any rate we are repeatedly told so.¹ An admirer writing in the Year of Grace 1929 in one of our most reputable monthlies expressed half the truth in a thorned nutshell when he said: "It is natural, at this point of our inquiry, to ask help of the young. For Mr. Eliot's work, particularly *The Waste Land* has made a profound impression on them and given them precisely the food they needed." More recently Mr. Eliot's followers have gone further than that. Young enthusiasts have written about the poem as a "landmark." One of them went so far as to say "that by the literary historian of 2030 *The Waste Land* will be regarded in much the same light as Wordsworth's and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads* are to-day, as marking the end of one literary epoch and the beginning of a new one." While in the same prominent weekly a reviewer of *Ash Wednesday* wrote, "suddenly—*The Waste Land*, and it may be said with small exaggeration that English poetry of the first half of the twentieth century *began*."

But surely Mr. Eliot never intended *The Waste Land* to be

¹ Since writing this in 1931. (the year of the article) the distinguished editor of *The Bookman*, Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, a critic who is more often right than wrong, has published a book on T. S. Eliot in which he has repeated some of the extraordinary statements of T. S. Eliot's admirers.

taken quite so seriously, at least not quite so constructively, especially as it exhibits too many of the features of a hoax. At any rate hoax and earnest are strangely, hypnotically and bafflingly blended. It is as if Mr. Eliot were saying, "Take this you fox-terriers; it's all you are worth. Here's a bone for a dog." If *The Waste Land* means anything to me in relation to 2030 it is that *The Waste Land* will be truly a waste land, unknown and unhonoured, leering out of the darkness at all other English poetry, which will be equally unknown and unhonoured. For surely, only in that way can *The Waste Land* mark "the end of one literary epoch and the beginning of a new one"—the Age of the Supremacy of Prose, particularly of Prose which shall combine expression of excessive Realism and Machine-made Thought with the skeleton incompleteness and nebulous aura of Intuition. The serious way in which this sardonic jest and frightfully clever literary medley has been received and treated is proof enough to me that the dessication and disintegration of Poetry are beginning. *The Waste Land* has a certain bony virility and hypnotic strangeness of suggestion (otherwise, of course, it couldn't have continued); so that the transmitted sound of some of it may bring stiffening into the work of a few other poets,—often, it is to be feared, to their disadvantage. Beyond that it has no importance except as a gesture of mockery and disillusion, and contempt for the reader and critic; no value except as a warning of what may overtake literature, and particularly poetry; no value except as the banner of present-day War weariness and spiritual barrenness—one might almost say mental and moral degeneracy. It is in this last characteristic of decadence, that it is, of all our literature, the completest condensed expression of the feelings, thoughts, attitudes, activities and tendencies of the Present Age. High praise, and yet most damning praise. And as the rhythm of Modern Life is so mixed and jarred and full of dissonances and artificial derivations you do, of course, find the expression of all this in the rhythms and movements and quotations and kaleidoscope patterns of *The Waste Land*—which is suggestive of gramophone renewals, wireless adjustings, machinery buzzings, fog-horn explosions, cinema clackings, motor-traffic, underground traffic, street ramblings, the tarred road, comic opera, jazz, typewriter clickings, and sandwich-paper rustlings. The poem is a waste land in its *methods*, in the way it says and

does things, even more than in what it actually pretends to say—which is, perhaps, that Western Civilization is coming to an end. . . . Though personally I would rather drive a pony and trap up Mount Vesuvius (as I have so often done) than emulate T. S. Eliot by driving a motor car in Hell.

Mr. T. S. Eliot, though an American, is a man of wide reading, a notable critic (if somewhat eccentric and over-estimated critic) and *at his best* a poet in a cellar and an original prose writer. Considering all this, for many long months I took the poem quite seriously. But certain defects in it were a little too apparent. Either everything a man had learnt at school and the university was utterly wrong or Mr. Eliot was a stammering pretentious man of genius lacking the rudiments of solid education. In course of time the microscope revealed nearly everything that could be revealed. This is what I brought together on the tablecloth: (a) Bad grammar of both sense and syntax; (b) Absurd punctuation—which very often amounted to no punctuation at all; (c) Things upside down; (d) Disconnected thought, disconnected landscapes of thought, feeling, and ocular scenery; (e) The life of a man asleep, particularly of one suffering from a nightmare, rather than the life of one actively conscious; (f) An enormous number of tags, phrases, sentences and echoes from other poets (though Mr. Eliot has confessed to most of these in supplementary notes); (g) The use of wrong epithets; (h) The queerest crudities of construction; (i) In at least two instances violent coarseness of content—almost equal to the most revolting pages in *All Quiet on the Western Front*; and even in a sense much worse as they are unpoetically sordid, unrelieved by the Aristotlean “pity and terror”; (j) An unpoetically assertive, if not pretentious, use of French and German; (k) Too many borrowed backgrounds, more than in all Milton’s works put together.

The following long passage, or series of continuous passages will reveal many of these idiosyncracies (though I stop short just before a lucid, but exceedingly sexual passage of almost Caliban coarseness):

By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept . . .
 Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song,
 Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.
 But at my back in a cold blast I hear
 The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly through the vegetation
 Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
 While I was fishing in the dull canal
 On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
 Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
 And on the king my father's death before him.
 White bodies naked on the low damp ground
 And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
 Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
 But at my back from time to time I hear
 The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
 Sweeny to Mrs. Porter in the spring.
 O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
 And on her daughter
 They wash their feet in soda water
Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole !

Twit twit twit
 Jug jug jug jug jug jug
 So rudely forc'd.
 Tereu.

Unreal City
 Under the brown fog of a winter noon
 Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant
 Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants
 C.i.f. London : documents at sight,
 Asked me in demotic French
 To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel
 Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
 Turned upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
 Like a taxi throbbing waiting,
 I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
 Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
 At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
 Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
 The typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights
 Her stove, and lays out food in tins.

Disconnection, crudity, insufficient punctuation, plagiarism—they are all so apparent! What at first is not quite so apparent is the false and muddled grammar of sense and syntax in such a passage as:

Musing upon the king my brother's wreck¹
And on the king my father's death before him.

Or in the even more elusive "can see at the violet hour . . . food in tins," a marvellous creation of baffling hotch-potch.

A glaring example of mispunctuation is the full stop instead of comma after "him," because, of course, the man was musing upon the "white bodies" as well as the other things. A not very apparent (though actual enough) instance of a wrong epithet is the use of "low" before "dry garret" because, of course, although a garret is never lofty, it is at the top of a house and is in no sense a cellar, which the words "bones" and "cast in" seem to imply. This use of wrong epithet is nothing like so prominent or frequent as the other anarchies, but it occurs several times, nevertheless. In the first part of the section entitled "A Game of Chess" a passage more consistent and Elizabethan in form than the introductory part of the poem would lead us to expect, we get:

Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out

Just as we are beginning to admire the first twenty-eight lines we discover that they are full of confusion, that very little is clear to the senses, and that "fruited vines" ought to be "metal vines" or "mahogany vines" or something like that, since the vines are manifestly devoid of natural life. While towards the end of the poem an extraordinary, but not too apparent instance of an inversion, or thing upside-down, occurs in:

We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison.

For surely it is the prison that confirms the key, and not the key the prison. Keys lock and unlock other doors besides prison doors.

¹ This line is an altered line from "The Tempest."

Most of *The Waste Land* cannot be understood, because *it was never meant to be understood*,—except in patches (two or three or them, certainly, of some length). A man does not understand his lonely night of bad dreams, his disconnected bedroom panorama of sensations, mental pictures, broken, twisted images floating down into a tunnel of nightmare horror and dread. T. S. Eliot has thrown all literary discipline and discretion to the winds, and while he has actually created something (created the Disintegration of Creation) the midnight hour of one who has lost touch with God, or the delirious afternoon of one who is parting from his reason, he has blotched and stifled Victorian and Georgian poetry to an extent that is very disturbing. Had Mr. Eliot labelled his poem, “A Nightmare,” or “My Neighbour’s Inceptions of Lunacy,” or “A Tale told by an Idiot . . . signifying Nothing,” or “A Despairing Night of Sleeping Unrest” the poem might have been accepted at its true value. But his methods and intentions were not at all clear, and so a certain section of the literary world has only too willingly allowed itself to be hoaxed. Just because the poem was impossible to understand, it was believed by many admirers to be intensely intellectual and imaginative. How Mr. Eliot must have laughed! And yet it is equally probable that he has been more worried about it than amused—which certain sentences in *Ash Wednesday* seem to proclaim.

But it would be untrue to intimate that *The Waste Land* contains no poetry whatever. Indeed, it contains three or four astonishing passages, as witness the following (characteristically insufficiently punctuated, and ungrammatical or grammatically obscure, in the last line):¹

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
 And fiddled whisper music on those strings
 And bats with baby faces in the violet light
 Whistled, and beat their wings
 And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
 And upside down in air were towers
 Tolling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
 And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted
 wells.

¹ “And voices singing” surely should be “And there were voices singing.”

But through that flare of sombre beauty (almost reminiscent of Dante) Mr. Eliot makes a gesture by which he seems to have intended giving himself away; as also in the following passage, near the end of the poem:

Datta: What have we given?
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract. . . .

As also in this passage, near the beginning of the poem:

A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter. . . .

As also in the final passage of the first section of the poem, though chiefly in its last line (quoted from Baudelaire):

You! hypocrite lecteur! mon semblable,—mon frère!

As also in several other passages. But those readers who were not blind, for some reason or other (perhaps because of their shackling sophistication) seem to have made up their minds not to give the show away. Mr. Eliot insults his reader by calling him a hypocrite, but all the time advancing behind the shield of quotation, thinks to put a bandage round the wound by associating the poor fellow with himself. "The awful daring of a moment's surrender"—probably in committing this strange medley to print. The ordinary reader who is prominently a fool won't be able to see, and the intellectual reader who is prominently a hypocrite, or something equally unpleasant, will put his tongue in his cheek, or keep silence. While, of course, mixed up from those two are the sheep who are out for any profit they can get. So perhaps "the awful daring" was no real daring after all. Is it not evident, Mr. Eliot seems to say, that the light and courage of the human mind have long since been routed and put out! All that is left is a *Waste Land*. Yes, in a way, Mr. Eliot is and has been well justified, and deserves, at least, a crown of thorns. He has spoken in his strange ironic idiom and definitely revealed something. But how difficult to praise at all, or to entirely damn. For he is one of the least desirable and yet most necessary activities in creation—a *practical satirist*. And like so many practical satirists he refuses to be a good English schoolboy and "own

up." Even the sympathies and subtleties and perceptions of that delightful Irishman, Thomas McGreevy won't entirely disqualify him. There are two sides to every penny of course. And an artist is often this and that in spite of his intentions. But McGreevy's penny is all tails. Or Spanish Armada.

And finally a word upon metre. *The Waste Land* has been excessively praised for its original rhythms,—and some critics seem to think that it was written to teach poets Technique. But there is nothing metrically new in *The Waste Land* save by what appears to be due to miraculous accident or too-arduous intent. It has nothing like the metrical seduction and originality of Mr. Eliot's early poem "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." There is nothing in it more fresh and original than we find in the prosodical innovations of W. B. Yeats, Robert Bridges, H. D., Humbert Wolfe, J. Redwood Anderson, J. C. Squire, Walter de la Mare, or Edith Sitwell (vide *Gold Coast Customs*) or even of Austin Clarke, or Sherard Vines, or Robert Graves, or Robert Nichols, or Thomas Moulton, or John Masefield (vide *Lollington Downs*). Its framework, for the most part, is a mixture of quite customary free verse, rhymed verse, and blank verse, with a few simple variations thrown in,¹ some of them bald prose, and others the *rhymed* prose and free-verse feats of Ford Madox Hueffer (vide, for instance, that fine poem *Antwerp*). Equally good free verse (if not better) has also been written by Richard Aldington, Richard Church, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, John Gould Fletcher, and Ezra Pound (all of whom, save Richard Church, were publishing books of verse before the War). Equally good prose-verse was written immediately after the war by Susan Miles (she has a very gripping and individual medium of expression). While of the blank verse there is nothing in *The Waste Land* to equal the best passages of the Elizabethans, or for that matter those of Gordon Bottomley, or Lascelles Abercrombie, or Sturge Moore, or Laurence Binyon, or W. B. Yeats, or Edward Thompson (all of whom were going strong before the War) or Edmund Blunden, or Miss Sackville West, or J. Redwood Anderson, or Austin Clarke, or John Drinkwater, or Richard Church, or Conrad Aiken, or R. L. Mégroz (vide *Ruth*) since the War.

¹ Some years ago T. S. Eliot wrote "The ghost of some simple metre should lurk behind the arras in even the 'freest' verse, to advance menacingly as we doze, and withdraw as we rouse." This statement explains in general terms the metre of "The Waste Land."

In the way of interwoven free verse and blank verse nothing better during the last ten years has been written than Robert Trevelyan's "Moses and the Shepherd," a poem of fine content as well as fine technical accomplishment.

Yes, *The Waste Land* more than any other Eliot poem has been monstrously overpraised; for it is no more than the waggling grinning skeleton of a great poem, something that T. S. Eliot was spiritually and mentally unable to clothe with flesh and raiment, something which unable to complete or revise, to link with links and vitalise with sinews, he made the subject of an act of sabotage,—a Creation of Disintegration. The other explanation is that he cut it down from a much longer poem, telescoping or dovetailing or jamming into one another the isolated fragments of what he chose to rescue, with a glittering eye all the time on the baffling and the ridiculous; again an act of sabotage, a Creation of Disintegration. Surely that is it; he has sabotaged his own poem; for that is all this perverse moon-stricken generation is worth.

SOME NOTES ON

SCIENTIFIC CRITICISM, IN CONNECTION WITH THE CLARENDON EDITION OF DONNE

By Alec Brown

THE purpose of criticism is to aid any person who wishes to appreciate, understand, make use of a single work of literature, or a group of works, as, say, the complete work of one man. What has in the past been called criticism may be divided into two main divisions: the editing of texts of the works, and interpretative criticism round and about the works concerned.

It is an obvious elementary need that gives rise to the editing of the texts; but it is equally clear that there are various ways in which the editing can be done. That is, we may have various methods of approach. We may allow various factors or groups of factors to contribute to our judgment on the validity of one reading or another.

One purpose of this short paper is to indicate, through examples from a classic edition of one poet, that in the editing of a text no factor other than the application of scientific method can be allowed.

This may appear, even to those whose whole ideology is non-scientific, as a self-evident fact. But it will be seen that scientific principles of method are not observed, even by an editor of great skill and scholarship; though he would most likely profess to have used scientific method at least in his editing.

But that it has not been customary (or even possible) to apply rigorous scientific method even in text editing should not, however, be surprising (even in the face of protestations that it *is* used) when we consider that the bulk of the remaining activities which have given themselves out as criticism are "interpretative."

What is the basis of interpretative criticism? It is nothing more than the reflections and speculation on the meaning and intention of the work and/or the author—for a difference is frequently made between the two—made by a person other than the author. Now, it is evident that such reflection and speculation can be *affirmed* (that is: asserted and proved) to bear no closer relation to the true state of the matter than ancient or medieval speculation as to the nature of the elements, the motion

of the stars, or the functions of the liver, thymus, or other parts of the mammalian body.

This is not to say that speculation and reflection may not stumble near the truth on occasion ; but merely that they cannot do more than *stumble* near it, and that only *occasionally*. Early schools of medicine each stumbled near some methods of adequate treatment ; since the very possibility of their existence as schools depended on certain success in the application of their theories. Even paleolithic man did this. He actually ventured on the delicate operation of trepanning. But though this may have brought relief in some cases, there can be little doubt but that it frequently did not ; that it was rarely, if ever, applied for the proper reason ; and that in practically all cases its application was, as far as the sufferer's health went, either unnecessary or harmful.

Speculation and reflection, indeed, cannot possibly result in a reliable affirmation. But science is a matter of reliable affirmations, or affirmations which are commonly verifiable ; and of systematisation of these whenever there is sufficient of any group of them to allow verifiable systematisation.

Interpretative criticism, in fact, is not and cannot be scientific. The only tangible fruit it can possibly produce is : material for comment on the person who makes it. Valid or useful comment on the person or person's work it pretends to enlighten it cannot possibly produce, however strong may be at times the illusion that it can.

Now, ancient and medieval speculation is slowly but steadily giving way in all branches of human thought to scientific investigation. One of the most striking recent conquests of territory is that of medicine ; for here, except in regard to mental disorders, no serious investigator gives any weight to speculation or reflection ; and only the popular press, government departments, or other bodies that batten on the past, whereas we live in the future, which is a succession for us of imminent presents, give them any consideration. But even that side of medicine is being taken from the magician's hands, and an untiring body of investigators, scattered throughout the world, are fast laying foundations for scientific psychiatry.

This paper is not being side-tracked into dealing with the phenomenon that psychology is the last field of medical research to be treated scientifically. It is, though, convenient to indicate

it, because (as I propose to show in another paper) it is an inherent difficulty that in psychology part of the phenomena to be observed are those verbal activities which constitute non-conscious and conscious thought. There appears, in fact, to be, in any individual (arising from some minimal need for psychiatric treatment in him) some fear that the scientific examination of thought will, by reducing it to a chemistry or a mechanism, destroy it; in other words, that scientific method will "strike at the very foundations of our civilisation" as a frequent emotive phrase of those who batten on the past puts it, and reduce us to a kind of nihilism.

Such a fear, though, is exactly equivalent to a fear that analysis of the orange will not only deprive us of the pleasure we now have when we eat one, but also of the advantages of the juices with their acids and vitamins. But the only point which interests us here is that, just as in medicine it is natural for the processes connected with verbal activity to be the last to receive scientific treatment, so are verbal activities themselves, used as means to social grouping and other improvement of our adjustment to environment, definitely and absolutely not criticised, that is, made clearer and easier of access, by further verbal activities based only on speculation and reflection about those to be examined.

The most vivid light on the matter will be shown (for the purposes of this brief glance at it) if we go to the form of verbal communication farthest removed from ordinary speech, that is, to poetry; and I shall take examples for the illustration of the inadequacy of the traditional method from one of the best and most monumental editions of a poet ever made under that method: that is, Professor Grierson's edition of Donne's poems, done by the Clarendon Press. There can be no question whatsoever here that I am tilting at a windmill; for there can be no controversy concerning the excellence, under non-scientific standards, of Professor Grierson's work on Donne.

I shall commence with the most solid part of traditional criticism—the textual criticism, because, as we have seen, it is that part of criticism which has always made pretensions to being scientific. But in the first place it is *a priori* questionable whether there can be an entirely healthy part to a whole body which is largely diseased; whether too, even supposing local treatment in a given case is practically advisable, it is correct to speak

of a local disease ; as if a disease could remain local. Although it does deal with facts, there are cases in textual editing where sufficient obvious factual evidence is not available ; and it is not merely a yielding to temptation, but a perfectly simple and natural operation, if an interpretative critic uses speculation and reflection to aid him.

Let us look at an example. Professor Grierson, for lines 14-18 inclusive of *Twickenham Garden*, prints

- “ But that I may not this disgrace
 15 Indure, nor yet leave loving, Love let mee
 Some senselesse peece of this place bee ;
 17 Make me a mandrake, so I may groane here,
 Or a stone fountaine weeping out my yeare.”

The word in doubt is *groane*, because some other editions have followed some MS. versions, and printed *growe*. Why does Professor Grierson change to *groane* ? Is it because, in the case of this doubtful word, he has been guided by a majority of manuscripts ? It is not ; for he says (note to line 17—Volume II, p. 26) “ I have ventured to adopt ‘ groane ’ for ‘ growe ’ (‘ grone ’ and ‘ growe ’ are almost indistinguishable) from A18, N, TC. ; D, H49, Lec. ; and H40.”

That is, from what is but part of the MS. sources. The reason for this choice follows.

“ It is surely much more in Donne’s style than the colourless and pointless ‘ growe.’ It is, too, in closer touch with the next line. If ‘ growing ’ is all we are to have predicated of the mandrake, then it should be sufficient for the fountain to ‘ stand ’ or ‘ flow.’ The chief difficulty is that the mandrake is most often said to shriek, sometimes to howl, not to groan . . . etc.” With quotations from Webster and Shakespeare Professor Grierson takes up, for this note, twice as much space again, in addition to what I have quoted.

But the note is erroneous, because the method pursued is not scientific ; and not merely because the enquiry into the mandrake has not been pushed far enough to ascertain *when* it shrieks, nor because it has not been noted that *Webster’s* mandrakes quoted shriek *as they rise as from the dead* ; but also because, especially as some manuscript evidence for “ growe ” exists, the basis of

the evidence used is not valid. It is not valid because it is Professor Grierson's personal impression. I could counter it, to support *growe*, by giving my personal impression that a fountain in use could not rightly be "predicated" to *stand* or to *flow*, but is naturally (and frequently) said to *weep*.

But neither of our personal impressions is valid evidence; and a little more matter-of-fact attention to the actual poem would have shown that whereas the following line, line 18, *according to Professor Grierson's personal impression* makes *groane* more suitable, the preceding line, in which Donne asks love to make him *senselesse*, not merely makes desirable, but *demand*s, on Donne's own logic, and not on any second person's impression, that if choice is to be made between *groane* (or *grone*) and *growe*, the latter word is the right one.

The point is not by any means a trifling one. It illustrates a method of approach by which, once there is error (that is, if the stumbling is not very lucky) the more thoroughly the method is applied the greater the mistake is likely to be. On the other hand, the more rigorously a method founded purely on verifiable observations of fact is applied, the less is there possibility of mistake.

Moreover, a mistake, however slight, of the first kind consists in an addition of another personality (here Professor Grierson) to the poet (here Donne); most frequently in the form of an additional communication to the communication we have set out to elucidate. The more communications we add to the original communication the farther we are from getting at that original communication; for we have more, not less, to understand.

That it happens to be the nature of the material of the serious textual editor to leave few loopholes for this interpreting, instead of examining, internal evidence, has perhaps been a misfortune; as it clouds for us the inherent and unavoidable dangers, the absolute worthlessness, of the method.

But I am more interested here, because I must be brief, in showing how absolutely false non-scientific criticism is when it is aimed at the elucidation of content; that is, at helping us to understand the meaning of the poem.

A poet, partly by reason of his birth and by early upbringing outside his control, and partly by later education, the direction of which is very largely within his control, is enabled to make

new syntheses of selected elements of his contacts with environment (or experience) and communicate them to us. That is his function. His communications, by being pleasing to us, and stimulating to us by means largely independent of thought processes, enable us to some extent to assimilate and have advantage of his new perceptions, so that, to put it very crudely and simply, we enjoy life more and better. This is all as much part of improving our adjustment to environment as are such new syntheses as improvements in textiles or tailoring, improvements in lighting systems, or more efficacious means of transport.

Further, a poet, in so far as it is in his power, and he outlives his capabilities, in the end gives us all the syntheses he is able to give; and further does what he can to order them in a whole; whether eventually by the composition of a mature philosophic poem, as Wordsworth with *The Excursion*, or merely by the patient accumulation of a mass of heterogenous material loosely or tightly linked by general constant relation to some system of reaction to environment. There is no doubt but that though all may not succeed, all do strive towards this establishment of their complete *school of living*; and it is to each poet's contribution alone that we must go if we wish to appraise or make use of his system of syntheses.

Thus it was not merely wrong criticism, but not criticism at all, to dub Donne "a metaphysical poet"—as though, whatever meaning you endow metaphysical with, such a class as "metaphysical poets" could even exist. It is, and must be asserted, equally forcibly, not merely wrong criticism, but not criticism at all, to vindicate Donne by attacking, limiting, defining or qualifying the epithet "metaphysical poet."

Professor Grierson's textual editing, largely because of the nature of the material, is, as far as it goes, rarely as plainly erroneous as in the example I have taken. If I had more present space I would analyse it, and show how, by its omissions, by its frequent entirely unnecessary commentary, and sometimes by its application of false argumentation to correct conclusions, it is really no more than part of an interpretative smoke cloud. Yet, owing to the scholarship and the caution used in applying false method, and, further, I suspect, to a love and appreciation of Donne in Professor Grierson greater than has been allowed to inspire his commentary on his editing, the work done does include

a solid mass of raw material, a contribution to a future *scientific* edition; and the debt cannot be too emphatically acknowledged. I shall now give a few brief notes on some results of the interpretative method, as applied by Professor Grierson to Donne.

An example which will help to show us what we have to separate, filter off, in this edition of Donne, illumination of Professor Grierson more than of Donne, is provided by Professor Grierson's strange preoccupation with Donne's relations to definite women. A glaring more general example of this is the preposterous and entirely pointless suggestion that *The Progresse of the Soule* was to have been aimed at Queen Elizabeth; to which Professor Grierson devotes two out of fifty-one pages, that is, about four per cent. of his introduction; partly, apparently, because of another equally ludicrous account, which made the major victim of the poem as originally planned to be Calvin. But the energy wasted on this, all with providing no illumination of that dissatisfaction shown in the poem with the common contemporary view of the soul, which shows in many places in Donne's work, is nothing compared with the energy wasted on pinning certain poems down to a Mrs Herbert.

Most notable of these commentaries is that on the Elegy called by Professor Grierson (after certain other versions) *The Autumnall*, printed in the Clarendon edition under number IX. Professor Grierson devotes a page and a half of his closely printed notes to a discussion of the "rather an interesting question"—which is no more than the date of composition of this poem, in what reference that date may have to the object of the poem, and especially as to whether, as Professor Grierson cares to imagine it was, that object was Mrs Herbert.

The main points of this rather pointless enquiry are that Gosse thought the poem was written as late as 1625; whereas Walton attempted to prove c. 1609.

"Donne," says Professor Grierson, "would have been startled to hear that in 1625 he had spent any time in such a vain amusement as composing a secular elegy." That observation is very illuminating. It may not be unconnected with the absence of any suggestion, in regard to *The Progresse of the Soule*, that Donne, in designating Calvin, was leg-pulling; for if we adopt Professor Grierson's manner of argument we might well say "Donne would have been startled to hear it suggested that a

prominent clerk in holy orders should pull a man's leg." In fact, as is usual with interpretative criticism, the observation is more illuminative of the author of the observation and of his prejudices than of the author the observation is intended to illumine. It does, indeed, make one wonder whether Professor Grierson, when he wrote this commentary, had really made what I should call a scientific reading of the poem itself : that is, whether he had read it and at least noted as much as he could of what it says ; for this Elegy is a very serious piece of work indeed. It bears much resemblance of approach to the *Nocturnall* (on which poem also Professor Grierson has some curious remarks).

But for a space let us return to *The Elegie*.

My contention is that, in the case of a poem of evident serious intent, such as this (though in fact, of any poem at all) it is quite immaterial, when we are considering the poem, to whom it was actually addressed. To whom ever it was addressed, if to anybody at all, for us it exists only *unaddressed, itself* ; and we read it for, apart from immediate pleasure, whatever enlightenment it may be to us in our own art of living. The question of Mrs Herbert or not Mrs Herbert is not only absolutely useless and pointless, but emphatically dangerous ; because it can lead an excellent scholar such as is Professor Grierson into vapid argument such as the following (I summarise), that is : assuming the poem to be a courtly poem addressed to Mrs Herbert, firstly we conclude that it is quite clear that the clerk of 1625 would not write it ; and further, as there is a manuscript extant dated 1620, we may jump to take " what looks very like an allusion to Donne's poem in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*. Clerimont and True-wit are speaking of the Collegiate ladies" and so on. It is sufficient to say that the chief evidence here rests on Webster's use of the phrase *autumnal face* ; although there is no evidence whatever that Donne used it, any more than Beethoven wrote a " moon-light " sonata. But it would indeed be sinful to waste more space on that, had I as much as 20,000 words left, and not a mere 1,000, for the remainder of this paper.

But, now we are at this Elegy, it may be well to note two important features of it which both may be noted and easily verified. (I leave aside the important features of tempo and movement, because these, though a reliable indication need, for their verification, an acquaintance with valid method of style analysis ;

and to refer to these would, at the present stage of common knowledge of these things, demand some elementary accompanying treatment of how verifiable facts of this nature may be observed and recorded).

The first of the two matters of fact, which a novice in criticism can observe and verify, is that the poem is not merely about autumnal, or middle-aged beauty. It does not analyse spring and summer beauty; but as well as autumn it does examine at some length winter faces. Having regard to this alone it is not easy to understand how the reproduction of the name *The Autumnall* was possible; or, once this was done, how could the self-condemning admission that the poem "... is dubbed *An Autumnall Face* or *The Autumnall* . . ." be made, as is done, in connection with Jonson's play. What a poem is *dubbed* is no matter for criticism.

The second fact, which is connected with the first, is that the poem ends very distinctly, and indisputably, with the note of a middle-aged man; where I mean middle-aged in the scale of ages of Donne's day. There can be no more definite observation here than Donne's own—

"...yet I had rather stay
With *Tombs*, then *Cradles*, to weare out a day.
Since such loves naturall lation is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties, so,
I shall ebbe out with them, who home-ward goe."

The Elegy is, in fact, one of the most important links in Donne's many-sided commentary on love; and if, apart from reasons of the economy of the *Élegie*, as Donne understood the form, there was no need or suitability here for him to treat of spring and summer beauty, that was because his earlier work deals amply, for his purposes, with them. But, if we are able to make such an observation as Professor Grierson makes on *Elegie IV* (*The Perfume*), namely, that "the whole poem is in a vein of extravagant and cynical wit. It must not be taken too seriously," it is no doubt not easy to realise so plain a fact as the foregoing.

Indeed, if we come to our task of aiding others to read a poet,

with a mind clouded in this way by puzzling over matters which have, as far as the poems to be examined have any meaning or use for us (and without that we should not need to examine them) no importance it is perhaps only to be expected that, in the case of such a poem as the *Nocturnall upon S. Lucies day, being the shortest day*, we should be more interested in adding to Donne, by ascribing his poem to some definite woman; and should give some space in our introduction (as does Professor Grierson) to recording that "Mr. Gosse, and there is no higher authority when it comes to the interpretation of Donne's character and mind, rightly, I think, suggests that the death of the lady addressed is assumed, not actual, but he connects the poem with Donne's earlier and troubled loves." It is only to be expected that we should find our investigator "elucidating difficult passages" but ignoring the simple facts of the title (this time, as far as the MSS. agree, Donne's own title) and the first two lines.

"A nocturnal upon S. Lucies day, being the shortest day," Donne begins, and then continues "This is the yeares midnight, and it is the dayes, Lucies, who scarce seaven houres herself unmasks"

Donne, we may see (if we read the remainder of the poem, while bearing in mind title and first two lines) is writing a series of reflections on the passage of time; because he finds the day, with which, because it is midnight of the longest night while he writes, he identifies the past year, a most suitable occasion. He calls the day and the year *she*. In all his work he shows himself a passionate lover and lover; but there is perhaps no more powerful contribution to his art of living and loving than this poem, which does not bear on any kind of amours with any Mrs Herbert or Anne More, but on his own passionate philosophical amours with the year that is gone.

I should like to indicate here one more outstanding example of the harm done by the non-scientific method in criticism. It is in one of Donne's most interesting poems, one on which a longer study might well be made—*The Legacie*, which leads the interpretative critic into some of his worst swamps. I shall confine myself to one, namely, the punctuation of lines 12-16.

"But the point in which both Chambers and the Grolier Club editor seem to me in error is in connecting 1. 14 'When I had ripp'd, etc.' with what follows instead of with the imme-

diately preceding line " says Professor Grierson, and, of course, concludes that the opposite must be right. Only, I must insist, for this form of conclusion (of the form that if *all men are sentimental* is not correct, *all men are unsentimental* must be) Professor Grierson is not to blame. It inevitably arises from non-scientific method.

I have not had access to any of the MSS. of the poems, but I notice, in a note to the *Nocturnall*, this piece of information, which is interesting in view of the practice of many contemporary poets: "A feature of the MS. collection from which this poem was probably printed is the omission of stops at the end of the line." Let us now suppose, just for our amusement, that *The Legacie* had been treated in the same way, and copy the difficult passage (otherwise using punctuation as edited by Professor Grierson) thus:

" and when I felt mee dye
 I bid mee send my heart, when I was gone
 But I alas could there finde none
 When I had ripp'd me, 'and searched where hearts
 did lye
 It killed me againe, that I who still was true
 In life, in my last Will should cozen you.' "

How are we to read? Like this? "But I alas could there find none. When I had ripp'd me, and searched where hearts did lye, it killed me again. . . ."; or like this? "But I alas could there finde none when I had ripp'd me; and searched where hearts did lye. It killed me again. . . ."

We see that if we omit to punctuate the line endings it can never be clear. But is it so very necessary for it to be clear? Must we, even in Donne's verse, expect every word to have only one use, and be looking, according to grammatical form, only one way? Is it not perfectly natural and right in poetry—in fact, is it not in the very nature of poetry—that associations are overlaid in all directions; so that not only do we move a certain cord of our audience's heart by a number of devices but we may make a word or phrase, januslike, look two ways? In fact, have we not here very plainly an instance of what I have, in an earlier essay in this magazine, bearing on Gerard Hopkins' work,

christened *associative form* ; which is form in which despite, or alongside, a perfectly defensible grammatical system in a lyrical passage (or even without grammatical system) we have properly, in matter of the more important sense, a logic not of grammar, but of the more important associations of the various words ?

There is no question but that we have this ; and I have no hesitation in making the assertion, which I maintain it is perfectly possible for any unprejudiced enquirer to make for himself, or to verify. But, to return to and emphasise the essential point of method (which is the prime purpose of this essay) I must insist, not only that this is no claim that Donne was consciously departing from grammatical form, or using associative form, but that whether or not Donne or any other poet does this or that consciously or unconsciously is of absolutely no interest or use to us ; for all that we do, and can, indisputably possess, is the body of the man's own writings. And the only criticism that can help us to understand and appreciate these is a criticism founded purely and solely on observed and verified fact ; criticism which is an organic part of the whole body of scientific investigation and systematisation.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

By Padraic Colum

"I would far and away prefer," Mangan said of himself, "being a great necromancer to being a great writer or even a great fighter. My natural propensities lead me rather to seek out modes of astonishing mankind than of edifying them." And John Mitchel when he discovered him on the top of a ladder in the library of Trinity College was induced to picture him in a way that makes us think that he looked the part he wanted to play. The blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. "I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated; whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer; yet took a volume and spread it on the table, not to read, but with a pretence of reading to gaze on the spectral creature upon the ladder." Like a magician dispossessed for a while of his arcane powers Mangan chants:

Solomon! Where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! Where is thy might? It has gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the Blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

It goes on, this threnody, for nine stanzas, all the rhymes being on the insistent "wind." And "The Howling Song of al-Mohara" might have been made by a magician who had come out of his cell to seize upon words and poetic forms and make of them things to astonish us:—

My heart is as a House of Groans
From dusky eve to dawning grey;
Allah, Allah hu!
The glazed flesh on my staring bones
Grows black and blacker with decay;
Allah, Allah hu!
Yet am I none whom Death may slay;
I am spared to suffer and to warn;
Allah, Allah hu!
My lashless eyes are parched to horn
With weeping for my sin alway;
Allah, Allah hu!

For blood, hot blood, that no one sees,
 The blood of one I slew
 Burns on my hands I cry therefore
 All night long, on my knees,
 Evermore,
 Allah, Allah hu !

For eight long stanzas this goes on. In "The Karmanian Exile" there is again the sense of a magician desperately transforming himself into a poet in order to lament an exile from a country he knew when he had feelings rather than powers :

I see thee ever in my dreams,
 Karaman !
 Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
 Karaman ! O Karaman !
 As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
 As when thy deepening sunset seams
 With lines of light thy hills and streams,
 Karaman !
 So thou loomest on my dreams,
 Karaman ! O Karaman !

But he is looking back to a country in which there is not one lovable presence :

Of late my thoughts rove more among
 Thy fields : o'ershadowing fancies throng
 My mind, and texts of bodeful song,
 Karaman !
 Azreel is terrible and strong,
 Karaman !
 His lightning sword smites all ere long,
 Karaman ! O Karaman !

As we think of him after reading these poems we note a curious thing : Mangan looks out on lands that are all waste, in which there is no green nor familiar thing. Constantly he does this. He tries to give an impression of an Irish landscape in a poem. And the only object that is familiar in that landscape is an ancient

pillar-tower—nothing else, no spring nor field, gives him the sense of homeland :

This is some rare clime so olden,
Peopled, not by men, but fays ;
Some lone land of genii days,
Storyful and golden !

“ A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century ” renders a Connaught that is as empty of familiar sights as Karaman. Indeed it is through his power of visualizing a waste—sometimes a bright waste, sometimes a dark waste—that gives his “ Siberia ” actuality as of a country travelled in and discovered to be a place where there can be no hope, no movement :

And the exile there
Is one with those ;
They are part, and he is part,
For the sands are in his heart,
And the killing snows.

Therefore, in those wastes
None curse the Czar.
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The North Blast, that heweth nigh
With sharp scymitar.

And such doom each drees,
Till, hunger-gnawn,
And cold-slain, he at length sinks there,
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
His last breath was drawn.

We have to note in this poem, a poem that has extraordinary volume in its shortness, a carelessness that often mars Mangan's achievement, as if he had no art after a veritable inspiration had flagged on him—“ And cold-slain he at length sinks there ”—that “ at length ” is prosaic to the last degree.

He has a mood in which the sense of loss is softened and humanized. Such a mood is in “ The Time of the Barmecides ” and “ Twenty Golden Years Ago,” the one with its soldierly Arabian, and the other with its romantic German atmosphere.

"The Time of the Barmecides" is splendid for its flashing images, for its manly fervour, for its stanzas that move as with a warrior's stride :

One golden goblet illumined my board,
 One silver dish was there ;
 At hand my tried Karamanian sword
 Lay always bright and bare ;
 For those were the days when the angry blow
 Supplanted the word that chides—
 When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides ;
 When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
 In the time of the Barmecides.

"Twenty Golden Years Ago" is again a looking backwards ; it has humorous mournfulness, and humour is a scarce quality in Mangan's poetry. There is humour in another of his notable poems, in "The Ride Round the Parapet," humour and gusto displayed in high-stepping, romantic stanzas.

An estimate of Mangan as a poet generally begins with an appreciation of his Irish poems. I have approached him through his non-Irish meaning to come to his other work with some freshness. His poems were published in magazines between 1832 and 1849, the year of his death. One of his first, I find, is an address to his native land. If published now amongst anonymous work this particular poem would not be attributed to James Clarence Mangan ; it contradicts what his biographer and editor, D. J. O'Donoghue, says (although he admits it into the definite edition he does not seem to have given this poem any attention). "Yet, while always maintaining his own fatalistic outlook for himself, he was ever optimistic as regards Ireland—a feeling evinced over and over again in this volume, and as potent in his earlier as in his latest poems. He saw no hope for himself—he felt that there was but one inevitable result for him—but his hope for Ireland never faltered throughout his long career." But what does Mangan actually say in this early poem ?

The harp remaineth where it fell,
 With mouldering frame and broken chord ;
 Around the song there hangs no spell—
 No laurel wreath entwines the sword ;
 And startingly the footstep falls
 Along thy dim and dreary halls.

Thou art forsaken by the earth,
Which makes a by-word of thy name ;
Nations, and thrones, and powers whose birth
As yet is not, shall rise to fame,
Shall flourish and may fail—but thou
Shalt linger as thou lingerest now.

It would be hard for a poet to be less optimistic about his country. The establishment of the journal to which he contributed much of his poetry—"The Nation," may have made him more hopeful about Ireland, more eager in the national cause. But it is worth noting that "To My Native Land" has more spirit, sincerity and finer metrical structure than the poems which have a more encouraging note—"Soul and Country," "The Warning Voice," "A New Year's Lay," "A Highway for Freedom," "Irish National Hymn," "The Peal of Another Trumpet," "Hymn for Pentecost"—the last is a prayer for a miracle to save the land. At the bottom of his heart, it would seem, Mangan had no more hope for Ireland than he had for himself.

A sense of something left for ever desolate and yet with power to inspire undying devotion—out of that sense come the two greatest of his Irish poems, the "Ode to the Maguire," and "The Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell." I place the "Ode to the Maguire" first. The verse is like the storm that spends its fury upon the chieftain addressed ; it rises and falls, pauses and lashes out. Ostensibly in regular verse it has the flowingness of an improvisation ; indeed, it is free verse contained in a formal framework, for there is a wide range of different stress between—

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead
and—

Through some dark wood, 'mid bones of monsters,
Hugh now strays.

Mangan could have made himself an innovator in metrics if he had had associates who could recognize and appreciate his departures from verse-norms. This ode is as remarkable for its fine structure as for its metrical arrangements. In the opening line the poet declares the homelessness of his master—

Where is my Chief, my Master, this bleak night, *mavrone* !

Then it is as if there was nothing in the world but the elements—the deluging rain, the lightning, the cold that makes the night deathly. Before he appears in that desolation the Chieftain is hailed in images that are close to the elements—

Were he even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
 Were he even a pleasant salmon in the unchainable sea,
 Were he even a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce
 bear, he,
 This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods.

In the next stanza he is speaking of the defeated warrior simply. But as he speaks of him the man's stature grows and he becomes equal to the elements that once more break in upon the poet's senses.—

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed,
 Should this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralysed
 by frost—
 While through some icicle-hung thicket as one lorn and lost,
 He walks and wanders without rest.

The fury of the elements abates and the flood is only domestically destructive—

The lawns and pasture-grounds lie locked in icy bonds
 So that the cattle cannot feed.

* * * * *

It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings far and
 wide—

Water and land are blent in one.

Then, suddenly, we are reminded of the world in which Hugh Maguire strays "lorn and lost"—a line suffices to show how remote and alien that world is—

Through some dark wood, 'mid bones of monsters, Hugh
 now strays.

From that on the man is the equal of the elements—

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,
 And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble fine fair fingers o'er,
 A warm dress to him is the lightning garb he ever wore,
 The lightning of the soul, not skies.

The "Ode to the Maguire" is superb for the elemental rush of the lines, for the sense of boundlessness that it gives; through it, too, comes something of the masculine, extravagant world of the Gaelic bards.

Beginning as an address to a lone figure in an alien land, "The Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell" tells of memoried places, of battles won and lost, and names with loyalty and devotion "the princes of the line of Conn" whose decease marks the passing of the old aristocratic Ireland. It is a poem that can hardly appeal to one who is not devoted to the Irish tradition. But to one who has such devotion it stands as the most memorable of Irish poems. Conventional arrangements of conventional words occur over and over again in it—"Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow, Could ill have borne." "Red would have been our warriors' eyes Had Roderick found on Sligo's field A gory grave." We accept these without disapprobation because the whole lament is so impassioned and sustained—the conventionalities are swept along in the flow of the verse. Mangan, whose interest in actual buildings can be discovered in several of his poems, is nobly architectural in this poem. He rears what is really a memorial. The stanzas are like columns bearing up and distributing a weight of grief. Each long stanza is designed to give the rise and pause of lamentation and each is so well built into the whole that the lamentation lifts itself again and again after one has thought that the climax has been reached. "The Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell" has splendid structure.

But Mangan's architectural power is not in evidence in "Dark Rosaleen." The stanzas are finely built, but each is complete in itself and does not go to make an organisation. No stanza adds to the one that is before it, each is static till the final one when the prophecy of wrath and deliverance breaks through the protestations of tenderness. For this reason "Dark Rosaleen" for all its exaltation and prophetic fervour is not a masterly poem. But what exaltation is in this poem where patriotic feeling is transmuted to devotional ecstasy! "Roisin Dubh" which was only a "secret" name becomes transmuted into an esoteric, into a sacred name in the wonderful litany that is "Dark Rosaleen."

With "Kathleen ny Houlahan" and the "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield" Mangan goes from the elaborately contrived

bardic poetry to the poetry of the folk—one is the folk reflection of "Dark Rosaleen" and the other of "The Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell." Here prophecy is more simple and lament more spontaneous. The music of "Kathleen ny Houlahan" is lilting like country music, and Mangan has never shown himself more of an artist than in the way he makes the light-footed syllables prophesy "the coming-to of Kathleen ny Houlahan," when "woollen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her child." It is the most spontaneous and the happiest of Mangan's poems. "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield" has behind it more humanity than is behind the rest of Mangan's verse: one can visualize some old wayfarer who has been through that disastrous war making up those fervent and extravagant lines for some wayside crowd who are stirred into enthusiasm for the departed hero,—

May the white sun and moon rain glory on your head,
All hero as you are and holy man of God—

And ending with the outburst that makes no account of actual conditions in the fervency of its hero-worship—

And I never can believe that my fatherland can fall
With the Burkes and the Decies and the son of Royal James,
And Talbot, the captain, and Sarsfield above all,
The beloved of damsels and dames!

Here is a Mangan who is able to express the loyalties, the fervencies, the extravagancies of the Irish folk.

In the definite edition produced by D. J. O'Donoghue about 180 pieces are given. I would not have Mangan represented by more than fifteen poems. And I would not include certain poems that are regarded as noteworthy by Mangan's admirers. I would not include "The Nameless One" for I cannot help regard it as anything more than a piece of rhetoric. I would not include "Kincora": reading it after the "Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell" I feel that its movement is monotonous and its characterizations and descriptions purely conventional; if this is a translation of an official poet's lament—MacLiag's—for King Brian, it was originally a purely official piece of work. I would include "The Testament of Cathaer Mor" for this piece

is vigorous and picturesque, but not "A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century" for, to my mind, this piece fails after the chiming stanza that opens it. The Irish group in the selection would be "The Lament for the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," "Ode to the Maguire," "Dark Rosaleen," "Kathleen ny Houlahan," "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield," "The Testament of Cathaeir Mor"; the German group would include "Twenty Golden Years Ago," "The Ride round the Parapet," "I saw Her Once," "Gone in the Wind"; there would be "Siberia," and in the Oriental group "The Howling Song of al-Mohara," "The Karmanian Exile," "The Time of the Barmecides," and the epigram "To Amine." It would be a small but a very important collection.

So far I have made no note of the fact that James Clarence Mangan and Edgar Allan Poe were writing at the same time and that both strove for novel effects through repetition and refrain. Mangan had no chance of reading Poe, but Poe had a chance of reading some of Mangan's pieces in "The Dublin University Magazine." I do not believe that any influence went from one to the other, it can be taken for granted that they arrived at like musical effects in their verse as they arrived at like humourless grotesqueness in their essays, by being like minded: they were men who were curiously alike in their temperaments and their fortunes. And I have made no reference to the fact that with one exception the fifteen poems I have listed are supposed to be based on originals in other languages. It is undoubtedly true that Mangan's genius was such that it needed a pattern given to it to begin to operate. But it was a genius that could transcend the pattern given; it could make something out of what it operated on that was original in the highest sense, in the sense of bearing the stamp of unique personality. These poems of Mangan's are not translations even though "from the Irish," "from the German," "from the Arabic," "from the Turkish" are written above them. In the case of the Oriental languages, the ascription of a poem to one or the other of them was probably one of Mangan's modes of astonishing mankind.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY

By La Tourette Stockwell

IN the manuscript collection of the National Library of Ireland, is a commonplace looking bundle, loosely tied with string, and labelled with a scrap of paper bearing the inscription "The Croker Correspondence." The contents are letters which were written by many different persons of various nationalities to Thomas Crofton Croker, "Irish antiquary and humourist." Among them, are two from Mary Shelley, Percy Bysshe Shelley's second wife. The earlier of these two letters bears the date of the day and month only, the 30th of October, but was written almost certainly in the October of 1828. The other is dated November 4th, 1829. Neither, as far as I have been able to determine, has ever before been published.

Before presenting the context of these letters, it will add to their interest if the circumstances under which they were written and the character of the person to whom they were addressed are first made clear. In the years 1828 and 1829, Mrs. Shelley, who since the death of her husband had been supporting herself by the earnings of her pen, was engaged in writing her historical romance, *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck*. Perkin, it will be remembered, in the last decade of the fifteenth century, initiated his career as pretender to the English throne in the city of Cork and later, twice revisited Ireland. Too many books about Ireland have been written from the British Museum and it is to Mrs. Shelley's undying credit that when about to take Perkin to Cork, she not merely sought accurate information as to what he might have found there, but actually went to an Irishman to procure it. The person to whom she appealed was Thomas Crofton Croker.

Croker was born at Cork in the year 1798. He remained in his own country until he was twenty-one, then, like many another young Irishman of his day, he went posting to England to try his fortune. He settled at London in the year 1819, and except for infrequent journeyings continued his residence there until his death in 1854. An interest in Irish folk-lore, however, had accompanied him across the channel, and in 1825, six years after his arrival at the English capital, appeared the first edition of his *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*. This was followed by

his *Legends of the Lakes*, in 1829, by an edition of the *Popular Songs of Ireland* in 1839, and by numerous other works on similar subjects written for the Camden and Percy societies, which societies, incidentally, and also the British Archaeological Association, he helped to found.

Some of the material for these publications Croker had gathered together during boyhood excursions into County Cork and Kerry. The rest he later assembled upon the several different occasions when he returned to Ireland and spent weeks and months tramping from door to door among the Gaelic-speaking people of the Irish country-side, collecting their poems and stories and noting down customs and traditions. He, himself, appears to have been a fluent speaker of Gaelic. He seems also to have been providentially equipped with a sense of humour admirably suited to the task of exchanging stories around a turf hearth fire. Sir Walter Scott, who knew him in London, describes him as "little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy prepossessing manners," while a short poem, written by David Murphy, one of the poets whose works he sought to save, gives us a vivid glimpse of his activities in Ireland. This poem was originally composed in Gaelic but was afterwards translated and printed as a preface to Croker's collection of keens, published by the Percy Society in 1844. It runs as follows:—

O well fed scholar of the cheerful face,
How neat your hand to plane and polish verse is !
To English turning, with a silken grace,
The branchy Irish, that so sweet and terse is.

Early and late, once proudly sung the bard,
The glowing strains his busy brain created ;
And surely on such honied fame 'twas hard,
That none his valued stores should have translated.

But Erin's long neglected minstrelsy,
Thy skill will save—nor shall it be neglected ;
A merry champion has it found in thee,
Who seeks to make our country's name respected.

C'eangal

Go on ! and prosper, make a glorious gleanings,
I pray the Fays may aid you in your keening.

As Murphy's poem indicates, Croker's work was chiefly that of "glorious gleaning" and of translation and as a "merry champion," Croker in his own day was among the most widely famed of Ireland's literary representatives. Distinguished Gaelic scholars such as Eugene O'Curry and John O'Donovan laboured at home almost unknown while the *Fairy Legends*, for more than half a century, crowded the family bibles of England and Germany. The importance of Croker's unmethodical collections has, of course, been largely overshadowed by the far more learned works of later men. During the first half of the nineteenth century, however, in an age when the Gaelic civilization of Ireland was already rapidly giving way to the civilization of England, the *Fairy Legends* did effective publicity service in the cause of Irish nationalism by disclosing for the first time something of the distinctive customs and traditions of "the hidden Ireland."

By the year 1828 the popularity of Croker's writings, had already established for him a secure place in the literary circles of London. In Germany also, he had become widely known by reason of the immediate and enthusiastic translation of the *Fairy Legends* into German by no less persons than the brothers Grimm. It was therefore as to an antiquary and acknowledged authority on Irish folk-lore that Mary Shelley directed the following epistle :

SIR,

I cannot sufficiently thank you for the politeness with which you have replied to my request—I am very sorry that I was out yesterday evening, as then I could in person have apologized for my unceremonious application—Will you afford me another opportunity of so doing—If you will call on Saturday morning you will add to my other obligation by allowing me to destroy any strange impression I may have made—

By some mistake there is an error in your idea of what I want—it is the easiest way to tell you my object and then you will understand my need—I am writing a romance founded on the story of Perkin Warbeck—I have just brought him for the first time to Ireland—The antiquary is therefore of more use to me than the historian—After all I must rest satisfied with a very imperfect sketch, as never having been

in Ireland and being very ignorant of its history I shall fall into a thousand mistakes—to diminish this number as much as possible, I have applied to you—

You seem to have imagined me employed in some useful history instead of my usual trifling. Were I indeed the most learned I might give interest to my paper by a picture of manners and incidents little known—If I get beyond mere generalities—helped or disfigured by the imagination I must owe it to you—

If Saturday is not convenient let it be some other day.

I am sir

Your obedient Servt

Park Cottage—30th October

MARY SHELLEY

Between this letter and the one written on November 4th, 1829, a period longer than four days seems almost certainly to have elapsed, for in the earlier of the two Mrs. Shelley has “just brought” Perkin “for the first time to Ireland” and in the second she has completed five volumes of the novel and is engaged in cutting them down to three. Presumably, then, it was in the October of 1828, the year in which *Perkin Warbeck* was begun, that Mrs. Shelley made to Croker her “unceremonious application.”

In the months which followed, the acquaintance between the two does not seem to have progressed with any degree of warmth. Croker lent books and gave advice and since he and Mrs. Shelley were both friends of Thomas Moore they may perhaps have occasionally shared his hospitality together. Croker never called upon her, however, except when specifically invited, so that when the novel was finished and the Irish chapters ready for censorship, Mrs. Shelley found it necessary to write to him as follows :

MY DEAR SIR,

You never come except when I write, so that I get afraid of intruding. I was much obliged to you for the books—I have now completed one volume ready for the press in which there is one Irish chapter—the other two I hope to have in order in two or three weeks at furthest—I am afraid that you will think I have troubled you to very little purpose since there must be so little about Ireland—I had written altogether enough for five vols. I am cutting down to three—

so everything is abridged—little tho' there is it is of great use to me that it should be exact—I suppose the MS. will be in Mr. Murray's hands perhaps in a few days and I believe he consults you—or if you call I will shew you the chapter—or send it to you—or wait till the two other Irish chapters are corrected which will occur one in the middle of the second the other at the beginning of the 3d volume.

One other thing you were good enough to say that you would interest Major Elrington on my behalf—can this be done soon? after all you may be out of town—I hope not ill—the vile summer was enough to kill anybody and the frightful winter comes to give the coup de grace to the rest.

Your very truly & obged

MARY SHELLEY

4 Nov. 1829
33 Somerset St.

When one turns to the Irish chapters of the completed novel, one wonders with Mrs. Shelley if Crofton Croker upon reading them did not indeed consider that he had been "troubled to very little purpose." There is a rather good description of the Irish coast in the vicinity of Cork and a certain historical savour to the incidents of the action but any other distinguishing details which may have illumined these portions of *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck* must have been expurgated in the process of abridgment.

Despite the fact that Croker's assistance did not prompt anything "beyond mere generalities" in Mrs. Shelley's account of Perkin's adventures in Ireland, her letters to Croker are none the less significant in their revelation of her activities during the period of these two years. As a novelist, she stands forth from their pages a sincere artist seeking from a learned contemporary the knowledge which will help her in the perfecting of her art. As the widow of Shelley, she appears an unassuming, courageous woman, feverishly absorbed in writing the novel which is to produce the funds necessary for the proper education of their son. Undoubtedly *The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck* is less noteworthy than any of the other of Mrs. Shelley's literary efforts, but its composition had at least the happy result of bringing into juxtaposition the lives of two of the most interesting figures in pre-Victorian London.

“NIETZSCHE”

By Dermot Murphy

IF any chance comer knows only three facts about Nietzsche the most edifying is sure to be that he was the son of a German vicar. If German clergymen are sober and conciliable men enough, the inference that he is bound to deduce from this circumstance is that Friedrich Nietzsche went to the bad. Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's new life¹ of the sage does not make this degeneration clear, though at one time he speaks of his subject as “an ill man.” On the other hand, we are told that at school young Nietzsche was nicknamed “little parson,” and that his conduct throughout his life was austere correct, often severe, and always delicately humane. The proposer of paradoxes that scarified Europe was a *fleeing* man. A saddened lover of humankind was this preacher of an outraging gospel of force; a religious mystic and god-seeker was this prophet who ingeminated the death of God. Evidently he had his faults all the same, but in such a way as to have only two opinions held about him, and these at conflict everywhere. He was either a joyous and innocent wayfarer, a son of the morning, or else a son of Rhadamanthus. For Mr. O'Brien he was a lonely hero, one of a slender tribe of men who have been possessed by a compelling demon. Humanity, he says, were the poorer had they been free.

Son of the Morning traces Nietzsche's scarcely varying life from his birth in the pastor's house at Röcken, in Thuringia, in 1844, to his disappearance from among reasonable men in 1889. The sub-title is verified by the thoughtful inclusion of many of those sidelong remarks of his which illustrate what in Nietzsche was the greater part of the man: his mind, and in its progress to a self-fulfilment. Overtly this fulfilment was the exhibition of doctrines that chastened the ages, and that alienated the man from his own age in a reversible or double sense that seemed to the many and the good a more than natural penalty.

His physical person fluctuates as a shadow does on broken water. His personal biography is a recital of changes of temperature and residence. But the powerful, original and natural impulse of his mind is constant in a semicircular course, a *chosen* career, and one run rigorously to its end. This solitary mind, disdaining approbation but listening through the medley of sounds echoing in the valley of opinions for one *like* word, meets no opposition and no encouragement on its way. The whole world conspires to its last fulfilment, assents to its euthanasia. Long before the last phase of his deliverances he foresaw that this impetus might carry him beyond his goal of radical individualism to an unconditional renunciation and nihilism. But Nietzsche was a solitary man on a hurried and terminable journey, and not, as other self-creating spirits, an endless journey inside a man. His last renunciation was mania and imbecility.

A “portrait” of Nietzsche might be made a caricature of the nineteenth-century soul, or a sad and distanced reflection on the antinomies of the man's intentions and scruples, his woman-like timidity and theoretic audacity, his natural modesty and the verve of his emphasis of self.

Mr. O'Brien's is a busy, short, pointed, and in English unique, Life that misses no detail of Nietzsche's wanderings; but whether the right features have

¹ *Son of the Morning: a Portrait of Friedrich Nietzsche*, by Edward J. O'Brien. Cape, London. 10/6.

got the exaggeration that distinguishes the man is a matter of beliefs. Some of the sage's unconsidered opinions are qualified merely as remarkable instead of *very* remarkable, and to one who is not himself an esoteric Nietzschean nor can get on with the modern idiom of romanticism more than one part will seem pretty tough.

It may serve in these countries to regulate and refine a view of Nietzsche that is usually formed by a hasty examination of his work, or by a slow restitution of his philosophy that would try to make it a method. But a *right* philosopher (as Melville speaks of right whales) must be constant in his deference to himself. He elects a vast and viewy site, the cosmos, and builds on it a permanent structure of relation and abstraction. It may be all wrong and hind-foremost, but this must certainly be true of it : it's his, and any persons who traverse his premises are at once notified as dastards and summoned as trespassers. Nietzsche contradicts himself as gaily as he would contradict a twin brother. In his structure, as in the English constitution, there are no distinctions or disjunctions that discover the raw, mere stuff that waited to be transformed. For him there is no taking of a station beyond the all for the purpose of seeing what the all is like. Partisans, not spectators, are qualified to judge of the reality. What men do, that is what they believe ; and in the circumstances normal to life : fright, pain, anger, passion, they vary little. Beneath the unmade and untaught images that men die for and slay for lurks forever the unchanging stamp of common humanity. At last he discovered two kinds of men. The fewer were like himself, and every fewer the more like. They were the implements of their own will.

Those voluntary works stretch outside the form and measure of our time. They amount to a long polemic with all the monotonous importunity of a writer who rests from the labour of instruction only to sleep, of a preacher who presumes too often an instant defiance in the hearer, a man consumed by a receding vision which he resolves to confront and transmit in its formal insolence by rugged paths of dialectic. The urgency of his work has passed into history, and history neither literary nor political but spiritual.

There is an abuse of language by which the man whose dependence on his milieu is complete and absolute is called self-made. Nietzsche rather represents what this ugly phrase should mean. His *autourgia*, to use an uglier, is a characteristic which he shares in its degree with no other. Antecedents, surroundings, accidents, do not make or explain him. He is worked out in himself, a spirit grappling with the spirit of his age, to know it and subdue it within. When the thrones were shaken and windows smashed in 1848 he was four years old, and thus his childhood divides two ages of Germany. The former was the age of her material mediocrity and romantic belief in a culture that was the inevitable spreading downward of the best ideas ; the following was the age of material expansion, “ unifying ” wars, popular optimism, teutomania, and ideas harnessed to blood politics. Having been a most illustrious people, the Germans willed to be a nation also, or a nation instead. This age was modern ; only the tempo was lower than to-day's, and the youngest of the romantics took early account, to himself of the necessary way in which the barbarian side of human endeavour was outstripping in ever greater strides the generous endeavours of individual creation. His task then was to try the significance of the individual between

the diagonal contingencies of nature's two fronts, the cosmic and the historical, and to try it most by feeling. He was neurotic.

Naturally he belonged to a race of lesser German theologians and preachers whose faith knew neither the mattress of physics nor the buttress of psychology; men who, like Luther, must believe that they may live, and who therefore believe and are justified. The assaults of ambulatory scepticism, Luther's *teuffel*, the depriving action of logical dissuasion, these only exasperate and condense the need to believe. Diverted from one object, the force is converted with increment on some other, even on universal paradox. Nietzsche like them was a believer and a preacher.

There was a Polish nobleman, a Nietzsche, who was a reformer and fled from the Archbishops into Saxony. Nietzsche adopted him as an ancestor, following the custom of the Chinese emperors. For the greater and more powerful part of the human family are underground, and it is not enough to be born. Some authority says that he was mistaken in flagging this truck on his main line, but such a little *tricherie de l'esprit*, characteristic of him, has no likeness in the other make-believes of Stendhal. It was for himself alone that he was so much a Pole. To protect his inner destiny from German influences he imagined in himself the same blood as boiled in the veins of Copernicus, the innovator who, raising to life an unprosperous opinion of pagan antiquity, dislodged the world from its Judæo-Babylonian seat and sent it discoursing around a steady sun. He would make such a revolution of ideas. He adopted spiritual ancestors: the Plato of the *Timæus*, *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, Pascal, Spinoza, and the Goethe who wrote so many sentences about genius, meaning himself. Schopenhauer joined them, and later Wagner, who was still alive. Before he dismissed the vain protection of these spirits his bond with them was very real to him. Using his younger insight and newer experience, they were to be the latter-day oracles and operate through him. These posthumous friendships took too much in his life the place of commerce with the living.

Having postponed the occupations of youth to affairs of the soul and fate he early ceased to expect surprise in his life. He weighed his natural gifts and counted no more on novelty. At the first light of his manhood the world was a network of dark correspondences that interested, each one, the essential Nietzsche. So it was when he noted that he entered Leipzig university exactly one century later than Goethe and endowed precisely with the same stature. Inert coincidences these, but for him a naturalistic scheme underlay them: not to give them initial cause, but to make their meaning depend on a benign self-will working in him always, weaving the texture of his life undistracted by the presence and alien mediacy of his intellect and momentary wishes.

His university career he would close by a thesis in which he would deny not only free-will and final aims like Spinoza, but also rational causality and necessity like himself. With religious force he doubted of everything. There was a whisper of his own thoughts in the lyric poets of Ionia, the cradle of thought, omens of the forked roads, *ἐνόδια σύμβολα*, ancestral signs ascending like odours into his spirit to persevere him in his primitive creed: that what he was, *that* he had willed to be. A seeming comfortable belief, but not so in the general truth or the general commonwealth. For *him* it was a fatal, inbred principle forever diverting him from the fond speculative regrets that, for the normal man, are a

safeguard from himself, a consolatory reversion from dead opportunity, loyal companions that counsel him and steady his regard on the unknown future. So that, self-commission to an act that would alter his life was for Nietzsche something very like a death. He was to become a cockpit of two warring functions: of intuition on the one side and sensation and instinct on the other, and last the mad umpire of their debate as well. At the very end, as much of his destiny as other men *must* leave to be disposed by rational probability, he must commit, by a contradiction dwelling at the root of his thought and affection, to the will of his fellow-men. For himself mighty with insight and swollen with consequence, he was to reappear to the others as an incapable infant.

In his earliest philosophy all was accident, even human intentions, so that the outer world could be clearly perceived at work by contemplating the play of instinct and noting the surge of intuition. In Schopenhauer he found himself again, and was not surprised but only elated. He would be joyfully pessimist, and adventuring beyond his precursor discover new reasons for action under the very matter of despair. Remeasuring the precise extent of the nothingness of existence would give his soul a strategic immobility in a hostile world of flux and illusion. He made covenants with this soul of his and appeared to keep them. He would accept no mitigation of the hard task of existence, no half-illusions, no pathetic comforts.

Philology was the *métier* he chose (music was a festive ambition, Christian ministry an obsolete family custom) that would afford him most power with least obligation to act. Philology, the art of thinking meanings into tide-marks of the receding levels of thought and language, could find him both freedom and sagacity. He weighed in then with the usual operose dissertation that convicts in proper form as many decent men as possible of partial science and perverted judgment. But a *philolog* he never became, save he ascribed a poetic function to the office.

For he wanted only liberty and encouragement to brood in new postures over the Hellenes of high antiquity. They, first and latest in the sheer light of bodily intelligence, saw the individual life as a short parenthesis stuck in an endless apodeictic statement about change, and they *wanted* no more. He surprised himself in a self-found Hellenic soul, as he wished. One illusion was permissible whereby a rational quantity were set opposite to life: the factor Art. But later: humanity was not there to be artists, but to live. The individual life must itself be a work of art, and in spite of art. So to art, which is sober and sad, he joined Delirium, which is free, gay and careless. Apollo sacrificed the artist to truth; Dionysus, the new deity from the gloomy north, redeemed him by an influx of divine impulse. So the true human life was stayed in continual balance between the extremes of measure and license, and the man could both think and act at full. At least the Greek could. Nietzsche was an artist thinker then. Goat horns flourish on his brows bound with vine and myrtle from Mount Hymettus and ivy from Eleusis. In his hand are the lute and the thyrsus; but these symbols might really be violets of Athens, lyrical emotions charmed out from the *Antigone* and the *Bacchae*. For, that the cult of Dionysus was but a superficial grafting on the ancestral religions of Hellas, that the Greeks had no communal culture and were a hundred dense ages from any such aesthetic synthesis were considerations that never bothered his bean. He carefully called his essay a self-analysis.

He looked to modern polyphony, to Wagner, for new religious precipitation of the harmony at the foundation of being which he had found out. Wagner was a tyrant and mentor suspicious of Nietzsche's tendencies, for he also had his aesthetic and ethical ideas. He invented the term Artwork.

By 1876 Nietzsche had gone some way to systematise Nietzsche, thrown aside Schopenhauer's somnolent authority and Wagner's platform music. There was a voluptuous void and nullity in Wagner's chords; Schopenhauer's non-being could not *will*. These were not free men. The self-discipline and self-vigilance which *he* practised found him a way to resolve moral, cultural and social values for use. Artist, his thought took a pattern that was the provisory measure of things not his own. All living humanity were imprisoned with him in one short reach of time, and he was the only philosopher that was not more dead than Voltaire and Montaigne. In his literary work he metempsychosed himself into Wagner and recreated in imagination a compound of Wagner and Nietzsche presiding in a cloud as Bacchus over regulated tragic pomps at Bayreuth. A new religion arose. He could not create alone: there must be a Let Us as in Genesis. But the real Wagner was sickening for Christianity, rotting with egoism. Only the military bravado of *Carmen* could reconcile Nietzsche to vocal and orchestral music.

In 1883, when he had done with the first book of Zarathustra, who was the foreshadow of the Overman, he was told of the death of Wagner, and he pretended to be content. Wagner, a superman gone wrong; Nietzsche, a composition that would not harmonise; Wagner now and then meditating in a rage how he might *drop* the thrifer on the spine of his back; Nietzsche considering meanwhile how he could distil his scorn of Wagner's acts and ideas in one phrase that would cause the apostle to wither away; Wagner, the bluff, elderly, remorseless sensualist, Nietzsche, the aesthetic celebrate, the breach between them never manifested and never healed. The great musician was the only man whose personality ever directly influenced the philosopher when his ideas, for consequential ideas, did not. It was the ascendancy of a dazzling predatory artist, an unscrupulous worldly rogue, over a young and acutely reserved professor, sentimentally non-existent and filled with generous emotions. He fascinated Nietzsche as a working model of the human enigma, compounded of elements artistic, sexual, cultural and philosophical, the unravelling of which would end his study. The barbaric wealth of Wagner's inquiry held up the scholar as his ignorance elated the pedant. Remembering that opinion and memory are fickle, Wagner respected first in the other an official thinker of the future, but he was longer captivated and incensed by one who had begotten and informed so many of his confidences that part of himself seemed to dwell latent in the younger man. Their mutual affection, *Nietzsche's* affection, founded on pride that is the inward face of respect and on the roles of son and father for which rapacious nature had cast them, must have lasted while both were mortals; but at last each had hidden the other's face from himself with reams of sour letterpress. But Wagner living incalculably deflected the philosopher's course, compromised the sensitive pole which tended him to some hidden end. He ceased to make new friends, or to improve old.

He did not even renew the unfinished confidences with Wagner's wife, whom he loved. Not of his own desire, he wrote at once to her instead touching *her* devotion to a thing which to her was surely then what it might have been to

him. He meant the Holy Grail, the vessel of Art in which the Superman had been drowned by the Master to lascivious, *ehelich* music. With its complicated defences this high respect could have no ending, and so he never saw or heard her more. Precocious reflection and intellectuality had made him habitually torpid. He had of marriage an idea remarkable only for being peculiar. His opinion that sexual enjoyment and intellectual esteem were mutually truant and hostile reveal the naive immorality of a man whose sensuality was abrupt and whose sensibility was cerebral. The scenical preliminaries of love were, for him, a costly apparatus which to construct or improvise would oblige him to live beyond his means for the rest of his life. When next he addressed himself to Cosima he was insane. His message was: *Ich liebe dich*, simply enough to leave that experimented woman in no doubt as to the state of his mind.

From the time of *Zarathustra* the reformer became transformer. Only a violent moral cataclysm could induce the change in humanity that would fulfil his dream. The levelling of men was brewing a draught of secular unconsciousness for all men. The odour of the warm grave was descending. He leaned the whole of his philosophy on the vivid science of biology. The comparative values of life were absolute. Truth was only a random tool snatched up by life; *truths* stood while they could defy the assaults of language—and life. The best man was the best animal.

More and more in the grip of his nervous disease, he wrote Aphorisms with a dashing pen, urgent wires, as it were for the next day's Bi-Millennial Mail, weaving through their stretch continuous threads of presage and admonition. Many have the *facture* that was given to theirs by the French moralists, some are autobiographical fables, some are half-truths with no obligation in the reader to decide which half is true, some casuistic, and many are sombre chambers of intuition that the great anarchy memory opened for him within and within one another in his inflamed mind, and where trivial smiles, retorts and questions of men and women of his past time are turned as dissecting tools on them till they may show all like skeletons. These dissatisfied shadows, “*ein Mann den—*,” “*eine Frau die—*,” are his loves and dislikes: his Wagner, his Frau Cosima, his others.

The aphorisms and *Zarathustra* make his claim before literate posterity, that vast and continuous jury of scribes and subscribers who, by the intensity and limited sufficiency of their preoccupation with smeared paper, cause some of themselves sometimes perhaps to take a mournful pleasure in conceiving the insignificance of total amount of literature, the paleness and vagrancy of its expanse, the startling blemishes that darken its most lucid obsessions, the Dantes, Shakespeares, Miltons who streak off in a row like onions on a rope or rogues in the stocks. Nietzsche entered among these as a rival, and there he remains, apocalyptic, and, to continue the language, somewhat epileptic too, for he does not seem at leisure while he dreams. By some process which it would be the hardest thing to take account of some thought becomes literature; and, what may be an easier process to understand, much literature becomes thought. In the fierce later writings of Nietzsche the latter process is paramount, and he appears in that pillory to be ill at ease and innocent of every offence save keeping strict company. With many others he represents literature in its largest pretension, and the man of letters in his part as priest and mediator between the reader

and the eternal. And as with many of *them*, something more of the reader's must go into his books than breadcrumbs, hairs, pellicules and coffee-stains, else Nietzsche's books were in vain. Claudian with beauty in his rustic poem describes Proserpina's embroidered web, which was a pictorial account of Nature's manifold design where she theorised nothing, nor anything otherwise remitted or concealed. But the reader is excused from being as wise as the poet, because *his* object, even incidentally, is to narrate, not the causes of things, but rather, and more usefully, the adventure of Pluto and his demi-queen and the nine days of wandering as a poor old woman of Demeter in search for her daughter. The web of Proserpina recurs again in Nietzsche, but as the framework and canvas of the poet's whole projection, nearer, more imagined, but more distracted and gloomy than ever before.

His thought is a distillation of literature. Part of the nature of thought is to have no style or syntax : or when, as at a *séance*, there is something has some of these, then the character of thought conversely is void. To expand the primitive ellipsis and punctuality of thought, to write or create, is to destroy ; and yet the illusion stands that this destruction is arrangement of what was given. But thought as a glowing act has evaded, is lost, or was paid blindly away as the price of seeming for a new lie. Nietzsche was a religious thinker, one whose thought was originally dissociated from the playfulness, the august improvisations and ethereal substitutions that are literature. The self-willed man was wrong on Idea, and for reason that this divinity, seeking more than a *marching* hospitality, approached next the very focus of his self-examination : his fixed identity of thought and will where they reached towards expression. He was too serious in that region to be happily right ; his mind too often mechanised its motives, made vulgar presumption of its control of the dramatic and the comic. He jested best with Isaiah, braying the biggest mountain for buckshot ; but he mourned with himself, seeing the dependence of empires and testimonies of old religions in the fall of a bit of dust from his firegrate.

Nietzsche's writings are like the restless, comfortless man who wrote : products of an undirected, thriftless combustion, and so much the less like us who read ; and they read him as he would have been read who divine the man oftener than they mark the cases and casualties of understanding. For he was himself the irony that is wont to be looked for in other writers as lasting, peculiar detachment, as a private light for showing a sum of relations between an individual who probably does not exist and a world which probably does. Literature is imitation, and Nietzsche imitated not models but intentions. So that the one book of his that has a generalised form is made of the earliest stuff : heroic narrative empty of courtesy, and Hebrew descant. His polemic work as a whole, powerful, where so, by sheer want of cunning, is but little later in literary artifice. Though trained in philosophy and dialectic he seldom bestows on his argument enough articulation to emerge from its first collapse—a want of something that school logic could define, or journalism supply. But who would argue where a word suffices ? He finds the word pregnant, and if chance does not befall the reader must be midwife. His meaning is off to escort his varying mood, and who cannot appreciate his mood will be long to seek his meaning. Like the stoics who suffered before him, he does not make to persuade. A book, like a solid body, sinks through gravity. Here or there a one who is unconvinced of his

reason may go to hell : he will *not* make a long history. “ Each sentence of this book,” he says of one, “ causes many larger books to remain unborn.” Not boastfully “ *unread*,” but merely unborn.

Though distracted as to their place and often dark as if meaningless, these writings, then, almost to the end, are manly and sane. At the last he began to shout in battered sentences that he was the most considerable person living—that ever lived. Had he not been earlier mistaken for himself his lot was far different. His life, both in public and in private, had been longer : long enough to have led him partaker of the Swedish tontine founded by the inventor of dynamite, neglected least by the photographers, smiling, pleased, and somewhat past. But he had commenced thus too early and continued too often. He escaped into open country as helpless as a child.

Megalomania. This was the man who, with his “ Nietzsche *contra* Wagner,” pretended to interest whole Christendom in a lilliputian duel about fiddlesticks. Neither gods nor men forgive such grotesque self-glory. It shows the greatest possible embarrassment of standers-by. Episodes of these megalomaniacs make the pages of history unreadable, who shoot up like fountains everywhere and terrorise the poor in spirit. This populous type, which many believe on fair grounds to be not even yet extinct, may perform some sort of night duty in the most general scheme of economy, but one by one they are hard to put up with. They carry on as if they were the centre, pivot and omphalos of creation : as if every bite was thrown away that was not forked into *their* guts, as if every penny was lost that did not make its way into *their* pocket. But these men are universally commended for their reasonableness. Ben Franklin, a practical man who was bursting with sanity, looked on them as the salt (*mineral* salt) of the earth.

Perhaps they were not all megalomaniacs. Perhaps it will go hard or the best of them were as modest at least as Fritz Nietzsche, who, *because* he believed himself right and reasonable, was obliged to torture every qualified assent, every hesitation, every glance of surprise in his critic into the form of a death-blow at his central and sustaining article of faith. His certainties and doubts were intuitive, and thus bore the character of artistic creations. This character gave them their value in him, but the value entailed supporting them within by supplementary intuitions according as he defended them from without, mutilated, perhaps, and simplified, by intellectual conceits. Notwithstanding his exile from illusion, the aesthetic had become, and cynically remained, qualified by new balances of value, his sole imperative.

Many thoughtful men—many if they include diversely Goethe, Pierre Loti, Gide and Nelson—have allowed the belief that they had foreseen in some way when young each critical accident of their un-lived life in the *form* of their existence ; and so it was with Nietzsche, whose restless spirit sought a way out from every restraint imposed on the man’s speculative needs by the secular judgment of men. It is our own disposition to them that constitutes the innovations of chance and change, and it was by such intuitive affirmations that he operated a substitution for Schopenhauer’s world-will (the ontological pathos now called “ life-force ”) of the inner necessity of his own will. Self-effacement for the sake of tranquillity, that was cowardice. Cowards are weak, weakness is ugly. No : rather full consciousness, self-mastery, self-assertion. His strain to self-mastery

went to the limit of nature's sufferance. His will reacted against every tendency he surprised in himself to comply with the intention of any "untruth" that masked the insistent claims of reality. "*Ich will nicht anders.*" He was following a course outside all others, a perilous *ambition* of theory. Then he was the most daring of men: for he staked his life there, dead to all but his ever-present consciousness, where the issue was plain, but where the penalty and the sacrifice would forever remain dark and hidden from all but the very few. His life-long malady of the brain he befriended (and nourished too on his way) as an aid and exercise for his will in the advance to a final knowledge of reality and life. Himself was his only standard, and the steadiest object of his contemplation. Himself was the medium by which he perceived the outer world, and it was from himself that he isolated those elements of instinct which he called evil, and which, on his large scale, he apprehended as moral forces in the large world. This systematic and repeated *ecdysis*, achieved against the repose of his faculties and the integrity of his natural sentiments, almost emptied the creative man. But the process was necessary for that growth and forward individual impulse to self-creation that were his.

He essayed each day as his condition grew worse to struggle above his suffering into clearer light by new ways of suffering. He who relied by his nature more than any on support and sympathy denied himself even the interested silences of a friend. Innocent of recruiting disciples, nay, jealous lest any candid soul should imbibe the least moral or religious doubt from his pages, he could not be free whilst yet he had a misunderstanding, however pacific, with anybody, and radically to adjust and clarify his relations he broke off acquaintance altogether. Violently, as a timid and sensitive man asserts a right of choice, he severed himself from companions. When the last of them had vanished into an expressionless and hostile general public he was exempted from the natural compulsion imposed on all adult men, from the social and self-guarding law of mimicry. His emotions were free.

The public were the German publicists and professors. His books from the first to the last mortally offended them by breaches of professional etiquette, and they responded with silence, which is literary and philosophical repartee the most abusive. A madman mixed aesthetic and ethical preferences with philological research, a traitor troubled the mirror of philosophy with stories of passion, disgust and anxiety. A ragged, profligate anarchist desired to shake confraternal hands and complotate with selected literary gentlemen in full view of the academies of Europe, a loquacious, brawling fellow with a taste for science was challenging any of the gentlemen in any school to a six-round scrap to decide the validity of certain postulates. The young creative idealist was *unzeitgemäss*, the intuitive realist, stricken, poor, and the star of his youth long down the sky, could hardly find or pay a printer.

(To be continued)

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS MOORE

By M. J. MacManus.

FOREWORD.

THE only contribution to the bibliography of Thomas Moore that I have been able to discover consists of a short, privately-printed pamphlet entitled *Thomas Moore and his First Editions* by the late Mr. Andrew Gibson, published at Belfast in 1904. Beyond giving a useful, though not by any means complete, list of the first editions and their dates, this does not contain very much of bibliographical importance. A bibliography of Moore, then, detailed enough to satisfy the requirements of modern collectors, must be very largely pioneer work. In attempting it, the present compiler sadly underestimated the difficulties to be encountered. These may be classed, chiefly, under three heads: first of all the actual extent of the bibliography, which has to cover a very active literary career of forty-six years, productive of over seventy items requiring separate collating as first editions; secondly, the fact that many of Moore's most important works first appeared in a "words-and-music" format, with all the special difficulties that attend publication of this nature; and thirdly, the surprising dearth of Moore's works in first editions in the public libraries of the poet's native country, the only collections to which so far I have had access. It was the discovery of these difficulties, added to the fact that the amount of space available in the DUBLIN MAGAZINE for matter of bibliographical interest is necessarily limited, that forced me to change my original plan of a full-length bibliography for the check-list that follows. It must also form my apology for the incompleteness of many of the descriptions and for the almost inevitable errors which may occur. The compilation is put forward, in fact, as much for the purpose of eliciting as of imparting information, and I shall be grateful for any fresh facts which may help to throw light on the subject.

ODES OF ANACREON (1800).

ODES/OF/ANACREON,/TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE,/WITH/NOTES./((double rule))/BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ./OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE./((double rule))/((Printer's ornament))/((ornamental rule))/London:/PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY./((rule))/1800./

Size: An uncut copy measures $11\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Signatures: [A], 4 leaves; b and c, in fours; B—KK, in fours.

Pagination: pp. xxiv + 256 [actually 252, as p. [1] is erroneously numbered [5]] + 4 unnumbered pages of advertisements. No half-title.

The book contains a frontispiece and two full-page engravings. These face the title, p. 23, and p. 250 respectively.

Binding: All-over drab boards, with paper label on spine. Edges uncut. White end-papers.

POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS LITTLE. (1801)

THE/POETICAL WORKS/OF THE LATE/THOMAS LITTLE, ESQ./(*french rule*)/LUSISSE
PUDET. HORACE./(*french rule*)/LONDON:/PRINTED FOR J. AND T. CARPENTER,/

OLD BOND STREET./(*short double rule*)/1801./

Size: An uncut copy measures $6\frac{7}{8}$ x $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Signatures: Two unsigned leaves; A—M, in eights.

Pagination: pp. xx + 176. No half-title.

Binding: All-over drab boards with—probably—paper label on spine.
Edges uncut. White end-papers.

Note: The earliest Dublin edition of this book would appear to be one published by William McKenzie, of Dame Street, in 1804. It contained a frontispiece portrait of the author.

OH, LADY FAIR. (1802)

(Words and Music)

Oh Lady Fair/A Ballad/FOR/Three Voices/DEDICATED/TO THE R^{te}. Hon^{ble}.
Lady Charlotte Rawdon./(*rule*)/Printed by James Carpenter,/Old Bond Street/
1802/

Engraved throughout and title embellished with the usual scrolls, etc.

Size: An average cut copy measures $12\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 inches.

Signatures: None.

Pagination: pp. [ii] + 7, of which pp. [ii] and [1] are blank.

Note: Dozens of Moore's songs were set to music and published in the early years of the century. With the exception of those described in this list all that I have seen are reprints of poems from *Thomas Little's Poetical Works* or the *Odes of Anacreon*.

A CANDID APPEAL TO PUBLIC CONFIDENCE. (1803)

Ascribed to Moore in the list of his works given in the *Biographical Dictionary of Living Authors*, published in London, by Colburn, in 1816, and also in the list attached to biographical sketch of Moore by J. W. Lake in the 1827 and 1829 Paris editions of Moore's *Poetical Works* published by Galignani. I have not seen a copy.

SEQUEL TO OH, LADY FAIR. (1804)

(Words and Music)

SEQUEL/TO/*Oh Lady Fair*!/THE/Music and Words/BY/Thomas Moore, Esq^r./
(*rule*)/LONDON./Printed for James Carpenter,/Old Bond Street./1804./

Engraved throughout and title embellished with the usual scrolls.

Size: An average cut copy measures $12\frac{1}{2}$ x 9 inches.

Signatures: None.

Pagination: pp. [ii] + 12, of which p. [ii] is blank.

SONGS AND GLEES. (1804)

(Words and Music)

SONGS/and Glees/*THE*/Music and Words/*BY*/THOMAS MOORE, ESQ^R./ (*rule*)/
LONDON./Printed for James Carpenter,/Old Bond Street./1804/

Engraved throughout. Title in ornamental lettering, embellished with the usual scrolls.

Size : An average cut copy measures 12½ x 9 inches.

Signatures : None.

Pagination : Pp. [ii] + 24 + 1 advertisement leaf. Page [ii] is blank.

This collection consists of seven songs, of which two, *Sigh Not Thus* and *Now Let the Warrior Wave his Sword*, appear for the first time.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG. (1805)

(Words and Music)

A/*Canadian Boat-Song*/ARRANGED/for Three Voices/*BY*/Thomas Moore, Esq^r./ (*rule*)/LONDON./Printed for James Carpenter,/Old Bond Street./1805./

Engraved throughout. Title in ornamental lettering, embellished with the usual scrolls.

Size : An average cut copy measures 12½ x 9 inches.

Signatures : None.

Pagination : Pp. [ii] + 6, of which p. [ii] is blank. A later edition, undated, was published by W. Power. The poem was reprinted in the following year in *Epistles, Odes and Other Poems*.

EPISTLES, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS. (1806)

EPISTLES,/ODES,/AND/OTHER POEMS./(*french rule*)/*BY*/THOMAS MOORE, ESQ./ (*french rule*)/TANTI NON ES, AIS. SAPI, LUPERC./MARTIAL, Lib. i. Epig. 118./ (*double rule*)/LONDON :/PRINTED FOR JAMES CARPENTER, OLD BOND STREET,/ BOOKSELLER TO THEIR HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE OF WALES/AND DUKE OF YORK./ (*french rule*)/1806.

Size : An uncut copy measures 11½ x 8¾ inches.

Signatures : 4 unsigned leaves ; A—UU, in fours.

Pagination : Pp. xvi + 343 (p. 344 blank). There is an engraved frontispiece inserted facing the title.

Binding : All-over drab boards with label on spine.

THE WORKS OF SALLUST. (1807)

THE/WORKS OF SALLUST :/TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH/*BY* THE LATE/ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ./AUTHOR OF/A TRANSLATION OF TACITUS, &c./(*double rule*)/LONDON :/PRINTED FOR JAMES CARPENTER, OLD BOND STREET ;/AND J. CUTHELL AND P. MARTIN, MIDDLE ROW./1807./

Size : An average cut copy measures 8¾ + 5½ inches.

Signatures : [a], 8 leaves ; A, 6 leaves ; B—EE, in eights ; FF, 2 leaves.

Pagination : Pp. xxv + 3 unnumbered pages + 436. There is a frontispiece portrait of Arthur Murphy.

The Life of Sallust, which runs to 25 pages, was written by Moore.

THE IRISH MELODIES (FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS). 1808

The first two Numbers of the Irish Melodies were issued, in folio, in 1808, and not, as has generally been supposed, in 1807. The problem of the various part issues is so tremendously complicated that one cannot, in a short check-list, do more than indicate the date of issue and refer to a few of the problems involved. The copyright of the words and music was held jointly by the brothers James and William Power, of London and Dublin respectively, but separate publication took place in every instance. Of the first London edition there were four issues and of the Dublin one at least two, all of which show very material differences. The problem is, therefore, a double one. One has to decide the question of priority as between London and Dublin, and, then, to decide a similar question as between the various issues. Mr. P. H. Muir, the well-known London bibliographer, who has been devoting intensive study to this intricate problem, is of opinion that London publication came first in every case. Mr. Muir intends to publish his conclusions shortly and I hope, with his permission, to be able to incorporate his observations in the full-length bibliography to which this check-list is a forerunner.

CORRUPTION AND INTOLERANCE. (1808)

CORRUPTION/AND/INTOLERANCE :/Two Poems./WITH NOTES./ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN/BY/AN IRISHMAN./(*french rule*)/LONDON :/PRINTED FOR J. CARPENTER, OLD BOND STREET./1808./

Size : An average cut copy measures $7\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Signatures : One single unsigned leaf, A — I, in fours.

Pagination : Pp. x + 64. No half-title.

Binding : I have not seen a copy in the original binding.

THE SCEPTIC. (1809)

THE/SCEPTIC :/A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE./(*french rule*)/BY THE AUTHOR OF/ CORRUPTION AND INTOLERANCE./(*double rule*)/NOMON HANTON BASIADEA./PINDAR. ap. Herodot. Lib. 3./(*double rule*)/London :/PRINTED FOR J. CARPENTER, OLD BOND STREET./(*short rule*)/1809./

Size : An average cut copy measures $7\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Signatures : A — C, in fours ; D, a single inset leaf.

Pagination : Pp. 26 + 2 unnumbered pages of advts. No half-title.

Binding : I have not seen a copy in the original binding.

LETTER TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF DUBLIN. (1810)

A/LETTER/TO THE/ROMAN CATHOLICS/OF/DUBLIN./(*french rule*)/BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ./(*french rule*)/ΑΚΕΛΕΤΟΣ ΑΜΙΘΟΣ/AESCHYL. AGAMEMNON./(*double rule*)/LONDON :/PRINTED FOR J. CARPENTER, OLD BOND STREET./(*short rule*)/1810./

Size : An average cut copy measures $7\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Signatures : [A], a single inset leaf ; B — F, in fours.

Pagination : Pp. [ii] + 38 + 2 unnumbered pages of advertisements. No half-title.

Binding : Probably issued stitched and unbound.

Note : A Dublin edition, issued by Gilbert and Hodges, was published in the same year.

IRISH MELODIES. (Third Number). (1810).

The Third Number of the Irish Melodies was published, in folio, in 1810 by the brothers Power. Separate editions were issued in London and Dublin.

M.P. OR THE BLUE-STOCKING. (1811)

(Words and Music)

M.P./OR THE/Blue Stocking/A/Comic Opera IN Three Acts./As performed at the/
THEATRE ROYAL LYCEUM,/Composed & Selected/By/Thomas Moore, Esqr./
Author of the Piece./(*french rule*)/LONDON,/Published by J. Power, 34, Strand,
and W. Power, 4 Westmorland Street, Dublin./Ent. at Sta. Hall.—Price 15/0/
[in the right hand corner] Hunter Sc./

Engraved throughout. The title embellished with the usual scrolls, etc.

Size : The British Museum copy, which is cut and rebound, measures 9½ by 12¼ inches.

Signatures : None.

Pagination : Pp. [ii] + 97 (p. 98 blank).

Binding : The only copy recorded—that in the British Museum—is rebound.

M.P. OR THE BLUE-STOCKING. (1811)

(The Libretto)

M.P. /OR/THE BLUE-STOCKING,/A/COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS,/First per-
formed at the/ENGLISH OPERA,/THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM, On MONDAY, Sept.
9, 1811./(*french rule*)/The Music composed and selected by the Author
of the Piece.—The Overture/and Arrangements for the Orchestra by Mr. HORN./
(*double rule*)/The lines distinguished by inverted Commas are omitted in the
Representation./(*double rule*)/**London** : /PRINTED BY W. CLOWES, NORTHUMBER-
LAND-COURT,/FOR J. POWER, 34, STRAND ;/Of whom may be had the whole of
the Music./(*french rule*)/1811./Entered at Stationers' Hall. Price 2s. 6d./

Size : An average cut copy measures 8 x 5 inches.

Signatures : [A] — N, in fours. [The three copies which I have examined ended at N³ ; these had all been rebound and I imagine that N⁴ was missing].

Pagination : Pp. viii + 94. No half-title.

Binding : I have not seen a copy in the original binding.

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, CHORUSES, &c. in M.P. or THE BLUE-STOCKING. (1811)

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, CHORUSES, &c./IN/ **M.P.** /OR/THE BLUE-STOCKING ;/A/
COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS,/First performed at the/ENGLISH OPERA,/THEATRE
ROYAL, LYCEUM,/On MONDAY,/Sept. 9, 1811./(*french rule*)/The Music composed
and selected by the Author of the Piece.—The Overture/and Arrangements for
the Orchestra by Mr. HORN./(*french rule*)/ **London** :/PRINTED BY W. CLOWES,
NORTHUMBERLAND-COURT,/FOR J. POWER, 34, STRAND ;/Of whom may be had
the whole of the Music./(*french rule*)/1811.

Size : An uncut copy measures 9 by 5½ inches.

Signatures : [A] — O, in fours.

Pagination : Pp. 32.

Binding : Greyish-blue wrappers.

IRISH MELODIES (FOURTH NUMBER). (1811)

The Fourth Number of the Irish Melodies was published in London, in folio, by James Power towards the end of 1811. The "Advertisement" to this edition is dated "Nov. 1811," whereas the Dublin edition of the same number is dated "January, 1812."

A MELOLOGUE UPON NATIONAL MUSIC. (1811)

I have not been able to discover a copy of this rare item, published jointly by James and William Power in 1811. The size was probably folio, and we learn from an advertisement at the end of the Third Number of the "Irish Melodies" that the price was three shillings. Moore refers to it in a letter to his mother dated "Saturday, May, 1811": "I have been these two or three days past receiving most flattering letters from the persons to whom I sent my Melologue." It is reprinted in both William and James Power's letterpress editions of the "Irish Melodies," published in 1820 and 1821 respectively. There is no copy in the British Museum or in the National Library, Dublin.

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER. (1812)

A few copies of this famous squib are known to have been privately printed. In the Preface to the third volume of his *Collected Works*, Moore writes:

"One of the first and most successful of the numerous trifles I wrote at that period was the Parody on the Regent's celebrated Letter, [to the Duke of York, Feb. 13, 1812] announcing to the world that he 'had no predilections,' etc. This very opportune squib was, at first, circulated privately; my friend Mr. Perry [of Messrs. Longman's] having for some time hesitated to publish it. He got some copies of it, however, printed off for me, which I sent round to several members of the Whig Party."

And writing to his mother, Saturday [month not given, but probably February], 1812, he says:

"Yesterday I dined at Lord Holland's . . . Their whole talk was about my poem . . . The copy I had for you has been forcibly taken away from me by Lord Holland this morning; but I daresay it will be in the papers to-day or to-morrow, and at all events I will not close this letter till I try whether I can get Rogers's copy, or Lord Byron's, for you."

I have not been able to locate a copy of this scarce poetical pamphlet; there is none in the British Museum. The poem was reprinted in the following year in the *Twopenny Post-bag*.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS, OR THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG. (1813)

INTERCEPTED LETTERS; /OR, THE/*Twopenny Post-Bag*, /TO WHICH ARE ADDED, /TRIFLES REPRINTED. /(*french rule*) /BY /THOMAS BROWN, /THE YOUNGER. /(*french rule*) /Elapsae manibus cecidere tabellae. /OVID. /(*double rule*) /LONDON: PRINTED FOR J. CARR, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW. /(*rule*) /1813. /

Size: An uncut copy measures 7 x 4½ inches.

Signatures: [A] — H, in eights.

Pagination: Pp. xvi + 112 (last page blank).

Binding: Pink boards, with paper label on spine. Edges uncut. White end-papers.

IRISH MELODIES (Fifth Number). (1813).

The Fifth Number of the *Irish Melodies* appeared, in folio, in 1813. Separate publication took place in London and Dublin.

IRISH MELODIES (Sixth Number). (1815).

The Sixth Number of the *Irish Melodies* was published in 1815. The "Advertisement" in the London edition is dated "March, 1815" and in the Dublin edition "April, 1815."

SACRED SONGS. (First Number). (1816).

The First Number of the *Sacred Songs* was published, separately, by the brothers Power in 1816. The same difficulties arise here as with the *Irish Melodies* and I can only indicate the date of publication and the size, which was folio.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF [SHERIDAN]. (1816)

LINES/on the/DEATH OF —/from the/*Morning Chronicle*/of Monday, August 5, 1816./Ascribed to a Personage/of the/ *HIGHEST POETICAL TALENT*/And, to gratify the anxious curiosity of the Public,/re-published,/(rule)/without Note or Comment./"Princibus placuisse viris."—Horat./(double rule)/LONDON:/Printed for W. HONE, 55, Fleet Street./1816./(rule)/Price Six-pence./

Size: The British Museum copy, which is cut and rebound, measures $8\frac{1}{4}$ x $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Signatures: None.

Pagination: Pp. 8. At the foot of the last page there is an advertisement of "Napoleon and the Spots in the Sun," by "Syntax Sidrophal."

Binding: Probably issued unbound.

The British Museum copy, of which the above collation has been kindly furnished by Mr. Graham Pollard, is apparently the only one known.

LALLA ROOKH. (1817)

LALLA ROOKH,/*An Oriental Romance*./(rule)/BY THOMAS MOORE./(rule)/LONDON:/PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,/PATERNOSTER-ROW./1817./

Size: $11\frac{3}{8}$ x $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Signatures: [A], 2 leaves; B — 3 F, in fours.

Pagination: Pp. iv + 346.

Binding: All-over drab boards, paper label on spine.

Note: Two printed slips were issued, one referring to the publication of a volume of illustrations to the poem, the other to the musical rights held by James Power. These should be found facing page [1]. The illustrations sometimes found in rebound copies of the first edition form no part of the book as published. They were issued separately in the same year and inserted afterwards.

NATIONAL AIRS. (First Number). (1818).

The First Number of the *National Airs* was published, in folio, by the brothers Power in 1818. Separate editions were issued in London and Dublin.

(To be continued).

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

By M. J. MacManus.

EARLY DUBLIN PRINTING.

PRINTING IN DUBLIN PRIOR TO 1601. By E. R. McC. DIX. Colm O'Lochlainn.
10s. 6d. net.

Thirty years ago Mr. Dix published a little pamphlet on early Dublin printing and brought to light all that could be gathered on the subject up to that date. It represented a pioneer effort, for although Madden and Gilbert had touched the matter here and there, Mr. Dix's researches were the first attempt to deal with a very obscure problem in a scholarly and scientific manner.

The pamphlet has long been out of print and is now re-issued in an expanded form. Very little that is new has been discovered in the interval—which is in itself a tribute to the thoroughness of Mr. Dix's early work—but the illustrations and appendices which now appear for the first time render the present volume a valuable contribution to Irish bibliography.

Twelve items are listed as having appeared during the period 1551-1601, beginning with "The Boke of Common Praier" (1551, the first Irish-printed book) and ending with Elizabeth's "Proclamation against Hugh Neale, called O'Neale," printed by John Francke in 1600. All of them are excessively rare; four are known merely by contemporary references, and one—William Farmer's "Irish Almanac"—may have been printed in London. Full collations are given wherever possible, and facsimile reproductions in photogravure are given of several titles, that of the "Irishe Balade," the first example of printing in Gaelic type, being especially interesting. There are bibliographical notes on the three printers who are known to have worked in Dublin prior to 1600, and a census of all recorded copies of their publications is given.

A very interesting appendix catalogues Mr. Dix's many contributions to Irish bibliography. No less than 147 separate articles are listed, the first dating from 1898 and the last from 1932, and they form a remarkable record of the work achieved, almost single-handed, by one zealous worker.

The printing and binding of this volume are a credit to that good Irish craftsman Colm O'Lochlainn.

* * * *

THE AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTOR.

The courtesy of the editors has brought several recent numbers of this excellent publication to hand. In the October issue Mr. Heartman writes on "The Status of the Bibliophile," driving home the commonsense point that unless the man who collects books for books' sake makes himself acquainted with the technical side of book-making he might as well collect something that he understands, such as match-boxes or walking-sticks. Mr. W. M. Stone discourses amiably on "The Pleasures of Second-hand Books," and Mr. P. H. Muir, in an article on "The Second Printing of First Editions," continues his campaign of educating the collecting public with regard to the first principles of their hobby.

A well-informed contribution to the November issue by Mr. Heartman, entitled "Fakes, Forgeries and Frauds," will help to open the eyes of many collectors who take books on trust and who, in consequence, have their shelves filled with volumes which are definitely "wrong." Mr. Irving S. Underhill discusses the bibliography of *Huckleberry Finn*, and puts forward a plausible case for regarding the American issue as the actual first edition. Collectors will be interested, but not, I think, convinced.

The January number contains the first instalment of a bibliography of John Howard Payne, compiled by C. F. Heartman and H. B. Weiss. Payne is now chiefly remembered as the author of "Home, Sweet Home," but this compilation reveals him as a man of many literary activities. In the same issue Mr. Wilbur Stone writes with pardonable pride of his fine collection of "firsts" of Christopher Morley, that engaging writer who, from being a "columnist" on a Philadelphia evening paper, has become one of the most enthusiastically "collected" of modern American authors.

The *American Book Collector* deserves well of all who take a serious interest in books. With its pleasant blend of pure bibliography and literary history its appeal is wide enough to include both the collector and the bibliophile.

* * * *

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS : A STUDY IN MUTUAL ESTEEM. By Michael Sadleir.
Dent. 1s. 6d. net.

Readers of this valuable little monograph will have the advantage of seeing a very interesting subject treated from two different angles, for Mr. Sadleir is not merely a many-sided author but an active director of a famous publishing house as well. He has many pungent things to say about the whole business of authorship, publishing and bookselling, and finds space to touch on the activities of the literary agent, the critic, and that much-discussed innovation, the Book Society.

The present-day relationship between author and publisher is discussed with humour and insight. If all authors were best-sellers, the problem, one gathers, would be an easy one.

"Being contented and self-confident he leaves the business man to get on with the business while he writes the books. He may send a languid postcard now and then from his villa on the Riviera or from California ; he may pay a genial call during his three months' London season, take his publisher to lunch and dazzle that faithful creature with descriptions of a voyage to Milanese or life in the palaces of Long Island. He may even recommend a nephew's or a friend's manuscript, or give a note of introduction to a would-be illustrator, who invariably proves to be a young woman of unusual attractions.

So much for the best seller. But what about the "author of patient merit," the writer whose literary worth is beyond dispute, but who does not sell ? Here Mr. Sadleir falls foul of the critics, and in particular of the author-reviewers,

whom he roundly accuses of having debased the coinage of literary criticism, with the result that they have no longer any influence with the reading public. They, and not the publisher, he asserts, are to blame for the unfortunate plight of so many meritorious, but neglected, authors.

With regard to Book Societies, Mr. Sadleir shatters a delusion which, if somewhat prevalent in England, is all but universal in this country.

“ I confess that I have several times lately been frankly astounded to find persons who really ought to know better quite unaware that Book Societies are as much profit-making concerns as any publishing firm or bookshop. These persons genuinely believed that groups of well-known writers, out of sheer public spirit, chose a monthly title and published it abroad. That the Book Societies themselves were business concerns, who bought books and sold them . . . was completely unrealised. ”

This little volume—the substance of the second Dent Memorial Lecture—is an excellent eighteen-pence worth of sound commonsense in tabloid form on the many problems of authorship and publishing as they exist to-day.

ANGLO-IRISH TRADE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

By Sean Ghall

THE two major historians of our time who devoted their energies to Ireland in the Sixteenth Century, Bagwell and Dunlop, throw no clear light on our home trade or foreign commerce. The relevant commercial facts in the former's stout volumes do not fill two pages, whilst the latter dismissed the "myth" in less than three lines in his study of Ireland of that age, in the Cambridge Modern History. Mrs. J. R. Green's brilliant short study is a passionate advocacy for the prisoner in the dock, Ireland, slandered by a malign enemy. Her brief has but little ordered sequence as to date or locality. Lough's "Trade and Industry in Ireland in the Sixteenth Century," a magazine article, has not been studied by us. Miss Longfield's treatise will go far to redress the balance so far as Anglo-Irish relations are concerned. When it is recorded that there are 226 pages of text, with not a single unnecessary or rhetorical one, the volume of her achievement is apparent. She discusses dispassionately the limitations of the Anglo-Irish available material owing to the holocaust of our Record Office; she might have added and to adequate summaries of the earlier Calendars of Irish and Domestic State Papers as well as to the few English ports, that had commercial relations with Ireland, which have published their muniments. She has opened up a wholly new source by her elucidation of the English Port Books. No contemporary Irish Port Books have survived. Only those who have studied these documents can appreciate the debt we owe to her.

She has garnered a goodly store of facts from printed official sources. Nothing of prime importance has been missed. Accurate knowledge, first-hand authorities, an absence of political bias, and balanced judgment, are the salient virtues of this admirable work.

A large part of Ireland was free of any effective English rule, in the first half of the sixteenth century. Hence, we find numerous plans for ruining her economic strength, thereby securing "great profits to England." To undo Ireland's economic well-being was essential ere her political subjugation was possible. Englishmen firmly believed that the land of Ireland and its surrounding waters were theirs by right divine. The fisheries, the most fruitful source of Ireland's wealth, were in the control of "Spaniards, Bretons, Flemings, Portuguese, Scots and other aliens," who sell the "salmon, herrings, hake and ling, in all parts of England and Ireland to their great profits" (1541). The Lord Deputy reported to Henry VIII (1543) on the state of Ireland's ports. The havens from Dublin to Kinsale were within the King's dominions. On the east coast from Carlingford to Waterford the havens were resorted to by few foreigners, save Bretons and Spaniards in the time of peace. The ports to the northward, except Carlingford and Carrickfergus, were controlled by O'Donnell, "King of Fish." The Scots and Bretons have "their confluence" to the North, they furnish the same O'Donnell with wine, salt, iron, and munitions of war, as well as guns and powder, and "resort thither as well in times of war as peace. From these havens along the west to Limerick, the Spaniards and Bretons have the trade, and few or no Englishmen come there, but only to Galway. And likewise from Limerick to Cork the Spaniards and Bretons have the trade, as well as the fishing there, as of buying their hides, which is the greatest merchandise of this land, and furnish Irishmen

on that South coast of Munster, with salt, iron, guns and powder. If these havens were in the King's hands "it should not only be to your realm's great profits, the fishings thereof, with the vent of the same hides, but also a great weakening of Irishmen, keeping them from both guns, powder, salt and iron, without which they should soon be brought to great humility." Baltimore in O'Driscoll's country, Beare Haven in O'Sullivan's, Crookhaven and Dingle in MacCarthy's and Burrishoole in O'Flaherty's, were independent of England. Baltimore, the Deputy was informed, had "a goodly haven and of great profit, whereunto resort Spaniards and Bretons, and few or none English, the same being in an Irishman's country, with whom these Spaniards have great intelligence and favours." He recommended the King to get control of the coasts. The Lord Deputy truly said that his knowledge was imperfect. From other sources we learn at Carlingford consorted 600 English sail for the herring fisheries and over 300, besides Irish, Scots and Bretons came to Carrickfergus; "immense numbers" congregated, every October, to trawl at Waterford. The well-informed, Chapuys, Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Henry VIII, gives interesting information. Narrating the news of the rebellion of "Young Kildare" (Silken Thomas) to the Emperor Charles V (1534, August 29) he avers that it was reported that "Lord Thomas put to death all the English fishermen he could lay hands on, so that the others may be frightened and prevented from going to these waters, he knowing very well that this is of the utmost importance for the English. "Indeed, I am told the people of Cornwall would prefer losing their tin mines rather than the faculty of fishing on that coast and the profits arising therefrom."

The best account of the Irish fisheries known to Elizabethan Englishmen and of their national attitude to any other country sharing in them, is to be found in "The Brytish Monarchie" (1577). As this author has been seldom cited by our historians we shall hear him. "In Ireland Baltimore is possessed yearly (from July to Michaelmas) most commonly with 300 sail of Spaniards . . . where King Edward IV was of a mind to have planted a Bulwark: for other weighty respects as well as for His Majesty to be Sovereign Lord of the Fishing of Myllwyn and Codd there.

"Blackrock, is fished yearly by 300, or sometimes 400, sail of Spaniards and Frenchmen. But, to reckon all, I should be tedious to you, and make my heart ache, for Sorrow, etc. Yet surely I think it necessary to leave to our Posterity, some remembrance of the places where our rich Fishings else, are, about Ireland. As at Kinsale, Cork, Carlingford, Saltees, Dungarvan, Youghal, Waterford, Lough Foyle, the Bann, Killibegs, etc. And all chiefly enjoyed, as securely and freely, from us, by Strangers, as if they were within their own King's peculiar Sea Limits: Nay, rather, as if those coasts, Seas, Bays, etc., were of their private and several purchases: to our unspeakable loss, discredit, and discomfort, and to no small danger, further, in these perilous times, of most subtle treacheries and fickle fidelity. *DICTUM, SAPIENTI SAT ESTO.* . . . So for Ireland Fishings, some towardness of good Policy, and somewhat like reason of Providence" . . . was in the hands of the advisers of Edward IV. . . . when in the fifth year of his reign, this Act, (among sundry others) was established: That no ship or vessel, of any foreign country, shall go to fishing in the Irish countries, and for custom to be paid, of the vessel that cometh from foreign lands to fishing . . . It is a most reasonable and friendly request, of all these foreign fishermen,

to require with all circumstance of Humanity, Courtesy and Friendship) herein and hereto used. The *Tenth only of all their yearly Fishings*. . . in Token of their reasonable acknowledging of the Royalty of the British Monarchie, in the self same Brytish Seas and Coasts, to bem by God and Nature, established : where they receive so great Commodity : and where, from hence forth, no Injury by any Man of ours shall be to them done, or offered. But this Thankfulness to God (in respect of Tithe) and their Friendly duty to the Royal Maiestie and Imperial Dignity of our Sovereign Lady Elizabeth (within her own Sea Limits) is, thus, in rightful, decent, and friendly manner, required."

Philip II offered Queen Mary of England £1,000 a year for twenty-one years to gain for his subjects the right to fish on the Irish coast.

Let us now consider Miss Longfield's work. To the fishery trade she gives first place as it was Ireland's greatest commercial asset. Here is the best printed summary of its Anglo-Irish aspect with which we are acquainted. Her gatherings from the manuscript Port Books and Customs Accounts, are a sheer joy for, save for a Bristol and a Liverpool return, each for one brief year, no such information has been given the light of print hitherto. The names of craft, skippers, cargoes, ports of departure and of destination, and prices, are set out. These particulars will be a treasure house for students of local history, shipping and surnames. For the fishing trade Waterford, Youghal, Dungarvan, Cork, Ross, Dingle, Lough Swilly, Dublin and Killybegs, are some of the Irish ports named as trading with Bristol, Gloucester, Poole, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Dartmouth, Padstow, and Chester. She proves the extent to which the Irish trade once monopolised certain towns of the West of England. May we say that the claim of some English merchants that the fish "was of their own killing" is not incontestable. Piracy was a controlled industry from Devon to Mayo. The Killigrews in Cornwall and Sir John Perrott in Wales, Sir E. Denny in Tralee, Captain Piers at Carrickfergus, and many important Government officials and landowners were the employers of the pirate fleets of English, Irish, Welsh and Breton nationals. Dublin, Cork and Waterford merchants were shareholders in the profitable trade, nor did the O'Driscolls, O'Sullivan-Beares, MacCarthys, or the O'Malleys, fail to take a hand. Even a Lord Deputy himself was accused of sharing in the spoils. The penal commercial laws of Elizabeth (11 and 13) whereby all Ireland's ports and havens under the Queen's rule, were forbidden to trade, except under permits, gave a great impulse to piracy. The fishing fleets were an easy and lucrative source of spoil. The fish was regularly sold at sea. So when one reads of any skipper entering a port of Devon, Cornwall, the Bristol Channel, or Wales, claiming that the "fish was his own taking" one may reasonably doubt. We hope our author will fully investigate the fascinating subject and give the public the result of her researches on Piracy in Ireland (1500-1600) and its effect on Irish commerce.

The chapters on Hides and Leather, Wool and Linen, Foodstuffs, Cattle and Corn, Export : Hawks, Hounds and Horses, Timber, Glass, etc., and on the imports, Cloth, Drapery, and Haberdashery, Wine, Salt, Iron, Coal, Corn, Dyes, Drugs, Spices, etc., are well done, so well that we cannot but commend their fulness of accredited detail and intimate knowledge. A statement like this is an indication of her informed comment : "To understand this demand for hides it is necessary to realise their economic importance to the everyday life of the

sixteenth century. They were far more valuable then than now, since furs and skins were more generally used for garments and trimmings, for coverings and rugs. In addition, till the second half of the century hides were essential writing materials as the very vellum and coarse skin folios of the account books specify." The supplying of leather for the soldiers must have provided much work, for every cavalry man wore a leather jack; under his chain mail a galloglach was likewise shielded: a fact worth recording. Edmund Spenser noted the Irish horseman's love of "costly cordwainry." But, really, so well has the author gleaned that there is but little for the critic to add. The mantle was a distinctive Irish national garment, so roundly abused by English officials. Edmund Spenser's eloquent invective is trite: "A fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief." Many Englishmen could not be just to anything Irish; racial antipathy made the Irish as abusive of all that was English.

Barnaby Rich declared that "there is not a people under the face of Heaven that will sooner deride and mock at anything that is not in use and custom among themselves, than the Irish will do. They jeered and scoffed at everything English." They dwelt "in a malicious conceit against the English." Penalty by hanging was incurred by persons travelling unless they were accompanied by "some honest men in English apparel" in Elizabeth's age. No Irish gentleman or gentlewoman was tastefully dressed without a mantle. We know how Irish lords felt when requested to forego their national garb. Lord Deputy Perrot induced Tirlough Luineach O'Neill and other Irish lords to be present at the Parliament held in Dublin (1585) and "to sort themselves in such English habits as were answerable to their several ranks and qualities." Perrott bestowed upon O'Neill and some others "Gowns and other Roabes fit for that place and their degrees; which they embraced like fetters of which they were weary, one of them came to the Deputy, and besought him, that one of his Chaplaines (which he called Priests) might goe with him along the Streetes, clad in his *Irish* trousers: for then (quoth he) the Boyes will laugh at him as they now doe at me." . . . Withall it is to be observed in the proud condition of the Irish that they disdaine to sort themselves in fashion unto us, which in their opinion would more plainly manifest our Conquest over them."

When it was proposed to clothe the English soldier in the "barbarous cloak" it was officially lauded: "An Irish mantle, which costeth but 5s. will be gained to him in the charge, and be his bed in the night, and a great comfort for in sickness and health, for the mantle being never so wet, will presently with a little shaking and wringing be presently dry; for want of which the soldiers lying abroad, marching, and keeping watch and ward in cold and wet in the winter time, die in the Irish ague and in flux most pitifully." We submit for the author's consideration other evidence to mitigate her astonishment. Repeating an official libel and echoing Stanihurst's characteristic jibe her usual equivoque is upset temporarily. "It is amazing to see the recurrence of "*mantelles de Hibernia*" or Irish mantels "as an item in each merchant's bill of lading" . . . "certainly early in the century Englishmen must often have chosen to wear them—if not with quite the same eagerness." Why? We know that on the marts of France and Flanders the cheaper variety was eagerly purchased by the working class. The English folk, like the Flemish and French, knew a good article when they saw it. But the trade in mantles continued throughout the

century for Fynes Moryson records that they were largely exported in his day (1602). Miss Longfield soon regains her sense of evidence. "There was really quite a variety among 'the mantles' in use in Ireland, as the better classes had theirs embroidered or ornamented with fringes of many coloured silks and wool, but those exported must (*sic*) have been the ordinary frieze ones—often the grey of undyed fleece, sometimes brown or blue." The Irish merchants were as wise as the merchants of other nations in supplying the common folk with what they wanted. The better class mantles were beautiful garments, fit presents for the highest nobles of England. Thus Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, a Lord Chancellor, was pleased to receive a blue Galway mantle and the famous Thomas Cromwell, Lord Privy Seal to Henry VIII, was promised by the English Archbishop of Dublin, a Limerick mantle. Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's Prime Minister, was delighted to receive a green mantle of Waterford. Remembering that Irish hawks and horses were highly esteemed by the crowned heads and the gentry of the Continent, as well as of England and Scotland, the ranking of hawk, hobby, mantle, is significant. The Archbishop added: "These three things being all the commodities for a gentleman's pleasure in these parts." Irish mantles passed down as heirlooms in the families of the rich merchants of mediaeval Florence. We gathered several references to their use among English aristocrats. They were treasured in France and Flanders. We respectfully submit a full rehearsal for Luke Gearnon, who dubbed it a "garment not indecent": lavish praise from a government official! "About Dublin they wear the English habut, mantles only added thereunto, and they that goe in silkes, will wear a mantle of county making." "Their mantles are commonly of a blue with fringes alike, but those that love to be gallant were them of green, red, yellow, and other of light colours, with fringes diversified. An ordinary mantle is worth £4" (say £50 of our money). An article of attire that ranged in price from 4s. to £20 afforded ample scope for praise or blame. Let us have a final view of this maligned garb. An English traveller thus speaks of Wexford in the first half of the seventeenth century: "Some gentlewomen of good quality here I observed clothed in handsome gowns, petticoats, and hats who wore Irish rugs which have handsome, comely, large fringes, which go about their necks and serve instead of bands. This ruggy fringe is joined to a garment which comes round about them, and reacheth to the very ground, and this is an handsome, comely vestment, much more comely as they are used than the rug short cloaks used by the woman upon festival days in Abbeville, Bullein, and the nearer ports of Picardie in France." In the bitter days of the eighteenth century a sympathiser sang of the outlawed peasants:

"Instead of their mantles lined with plush,
They're forced to seek rags off every bush."

Waterford made the finest rug and distilled the best *aqua vitae* in Ireland, according to Stanihurst. In Fynes Moryson's opinion Irish whiskey was the best in the world. The Waterford rugs were "excellent, thick, spongy, warm coverlets" and were considered worthy of king's houses. Sir J. Henege, vice-Chamberlain, asked Sir Geo. Carew to "provide half-a-dozen of the finest and lightest Irish rugs to lay upon beds, that can be gotten." To this familiar example we add others. An annalist records (1599) that the Chamberlain went to Bristol

to review the train bands. On his return to London he took the opportunity to present to the Clerk of the Privy Council "for intelligence" with an "Irish Rug purchased for £2." Sir Edward Cecil wrote to Carew: "If you did, but for fashion's sake, remember the Lord Admiral (Howard, Earl of Nottingham) and the Lord Treasurer (Lord Buckhurst) with a couple of Irish Rugges or some *uscough baugh*." On 13th January, 1602, the mayor of Waterford despatched to Cecil "a pair of bed coverings and two rundells of *aqua vitae*." As a peace-offering to Earl Salisbury the citizens of that town made similar presents in 1597 and in 1606.

The Continent supplied Ireland with the bulk of its imports of wine, silk, and drugs and spices. Miss Longfield, confined to Anglo-Irish trade, cannot examine their volume. She gives example of the use of silk in our land. A lady ought to have commented on the young townsmen's foppery! The Galway Corporation (1585) decreed that "no young man, apprentice or otherwise, shall wear any gorgeous apparel, nor silks, either within or without their garments, nor yet fine knit stockings either of silk or of other costlie wise . . ." The Dublin Gild Merchant forbade its apprentices to wear coats with silk thereon; "a doublet of something so it be not silk." "Ruffs of wrought silk," "silk hose" and "hose bolstered out with wool, hair, or any other thing" were forbidden. There is ample evidence of the large extent silk was worn in Irish Ireland. Justly the author says that "legal proceedings are always valuable for their incidental information" and proceeds to prove. We present her with this gem from a Lancashire law suit (1597) concerning stolen "Irish silk, called London silk," and thereby hangs a tale! It was bewailed by an English official that on all festive occasions, "especially upon high feasts, as Christmas and Easter, there is no Irishman of war, horseman, kern, or galloglach," who will not steal to go gay to such feasts in silk and saffron; "yea and bestoweth for saffron and silk to one shirt many times 5 marks." In an earlier century the "Wardrobe Account of Queen Clemence of Hungary schedule two robes of Irish silk.

"Hawkes, Hounds, and Horses" is the best short chapter on its topic that has appeared in our popular history books. Considering the wealth of information existing it might have been much more detailed in this learned volume. These creatures were eagerly sought for by the Kings, Queens and grandees of Europe. There were no more precious presents. Thus the Earl of Desmond when seeking Spanish aid sent Emperor Charles V, the "Second Charlemagne," hawks and two wolfhounds (1528). The gallant, generous Silken Thomas, soliciting troops from the same monarch, despatched the princely gift of "12 great Hawkes and 14 great Hobbies." Henry VIII and his Prime Minister, Cromwell, obtained many such gifts. Throughout the reigns of Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth, James I and Charles I, Gaelic, and Anglo-Irish lords bestowed them as presents on the Sovereign as well as on the Ministers of State. It would fill pages to enumerate the bestowals on Sir F. Walsingham. The Cecil family were exceedingly covetous of them.

Shane O'Neill, in return for the Queen's splendid hospitality to him when in London, and in the hope of her favours, forwarded Elizabeth two horses, two hawks and two fair great dogs." (1562). An Irish envoy was given a large passport in his favour by the French King and Queen Mother." "All such as shall come from the Great O'Neill or the Earl of Desmond, with horses or dogs of

Ireland, to be safely conveyed to the French King's Court " (1564). In the next year when the Earl of Sussex was intriguing with the Scots against O'Neill, Shane sent the moving complaint that Elizabeth would have to go short as " all the hawks of the North were sent to Mary, Queen of Scots." When the Spanish Envoy arrived in Killybegs on the west side of the Glen blessed by Holy Columba, " from Philip II, O'Donnell in his Castle and was presented by him with horses and hounds." In 1591 O'Rourke, Brian of the Ramparts, fled from his ravished Breffni to Glasgow to seek asylum in Scotland and aid from the Scottish King, James VI, he brought with him six fair hobbies and four great dogs, as solicitors. Henry the Great, King of France, requested from the Earl of Essex " a greyhound of Ireland and a bitch of the same race, in order that I may keep up the breed " (1595). " Large Irish greyhounds " were sent to the Mogul in India (1615). The Emperor Jehangir desired the English Ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe, " some tall Irish greyhounds and other such dogs as hunt in your lands." " If you will promise me this I will give you the word of a King that I will fully recompence you and grant you all your desires." Irish hawks were the subjects of treaties between the Irish chieftains and between the English Government and the clans. Popular viceroys, like Sidney and Perrot, were never lacking in them, to the delight of the nobles of England to whom they were lavishly presented. According to O'Dowd, chief of his name, a " war-horse, a hobby, a hawk, a hound, a mantle, and a tablecloth " were the finest gifts from a gentleman to a gentleman. We must end, as it would require many pages to chronicle the fame of Irish falcons and goshawks alone.

We have subjected the references and citations in this volume to an exhaustive check with the happiest results. The few slips are trivial. Thus, Shane O'Neill's famous wine vaults were at Dundrum, not Dungannon; the learned, gracious gentlewoman, Margaret O'Carroll, wife of the O'Connor Faly, flourished in the fifteenth not sixteenth century. She died in 1451. Sir H. Sidney " did not resort to extortion " the author says. Listen to the contemporary Pale historian: Sidney " was not behindhand in cesses, nor yet as appeareth he did not . . . relieve the poor commons charges but as his predecessors did use the poor commons, so did he still continue, which made waste of a great part of the English Pale." Space forbids me proving that Carew did not tell the truth by alleging that Irish merchants in Spain had sold their ships to the French.

Fullness of knowledge, accuracy of authenticated statement, wide research, and impartial judgment, are the characteristics of Miss Longfield's excellent book. No wise student of Irish economic history can afford to be without it.

There is a luminous appendix of Customs Accounts, a helpful glossary of words used in the Accounts, a reproduction of a contemporary map in Trinity College Library, and a good index.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE CULTURE OF THE TEUTONS. By Vilhelm Grönbech. Translated by the late William Worster, M.A. London: Oxford University Press.

The Romans, from whom we receive our earliest accounts of the Teutons, saw in these 'barbarians' "mere creatures of the moment." They credited them with some natural virtues, but failed to discover in their actions the consistency which is an evidence of character in the individual and of culture in a people. The Romans, however, saw the Teutons only from without, and never penetrated to the habit of mind which regulated their behaviour. In this respect we are better placed than the Romans, for we can study the Northmen, the last branch of the Teutonic race to be merged in the general mass of European civilisation, as they portrayed themselves in the literature of the Viking age. This self-portrayal revealed the Teutons, not as the creatures of impulse the Romans believed them to be, but as self-controlled, purposeful, and cultured in the full sense of the word. Their culture, it is true, was of a primitive type, more primitive, for instance, than the contemporary culture of the Celts.

So primitive was the Teutonic culture that the task of interpreting it in modern language was found, even by so accomplished and versatile a scholar as Professor Grönbech, to be one of "almost disheartening difficulty." "Our words," he writes, "are incapable of expressing ideas that are not only divergent from our own, but run in totally different dimensions. In order to reproduce the intellectual life of this race, we must unlearn our own psychology, and learn another, no less reasonable but differing in its very principles." In other words, the Teutons' conception of the world and of existence itself, differed fundamentally from ours. They conceived of the world as having neither beginning nor end; of time as beginning over and over again; of objects, separated in space, as being contiguous. Their gods were not self-sustained personalities: they were born anew at convenient times and seasons, and reposed in stone or hill in the intervals between their manifestations. Death was not thought of as a serious breach in the continuity of human existence: the soul, at death, became merged in the soul of the clan, to be reincarnated later in one of the dead man's descendants or kin: the man himself was laid in his barrow, and there continued to live, in greater or lesser luck, a human life. These few concepts torn, as it were, from their context in the strangely-patterned texture of the primitive Teutonic mind, may suggest the arduousness of the labour of analysis and synthesis that has been performed by Professor Grönbech in these two closely packed and well-documented volumes.

Professor Grönbech has given us a brilliant and most stimulating study of the religious and social life of the Teutons; but hardly less valuable perhaps is the contribution he has made to our knowledge of the Germanic literatures. He has shewn that the style of the Eddic poems had its origin in the stirring spectacular life of the lost ritual drama, and that Teutonic poetry in general drew from the same source its characteristic kennings and epithets. He illustrates the keenness of characterisation that lay in the epithets of the Edda and the Beowulf, over-refined and decadent as these poems were. We lose this sharpness of characterisation in translation, for our modern vocables cannot reproduce the exactness of meaning that stamped the primeval words, or convey the living thought and feeling that filled them with subtle associations. At best, our trans-

lations indicate vaguely "a world rich in things seen and heard and tasted, which is now closed for ever." Professor Grönbech's skilful reconstruction of some scattered scenes of the ritual drama from reminiscences of it in the similes of later poetry will interest specialists; but the general reader will probably follow with greatest pleasure his remarks on the scalds' feeling for external nature, or on the archaic sentiment that inspired the moving poem in which Egil lamented the death of a son.

Many of the concepts that are analysed by Professor Grönbech survived the disintegration of the primitive mentality that had given them birth: they lived on as isolated fragments of experience in the memory of the race, emerging in literature from time to time as long as literature continued to draw inspiration from the thought of the people. In the work of English poets, even as late as the sixteenth century, these primitive concepts crop out occasionally through the strata of modern thought: take, for example, the description of natural phenomena, in the language of an earlier time, in these lines of Shakespeare:—

"No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood."

This is clearly not anthropomorphism or personification, as Professor Grönbech would say, "in the modern and Alexandrian sense," though some of Shakespeare's commentators evidently thought so, for they have endeavoured to support the 'personification' by amending the text, reading "entrails" or "entrants" in place of "entrance." The poet would seem, on the contrary, to have conceived of "this soil" as a material thing with a [quasi-divine?] personality, which assumes a human likeness, just as earth and sea assumed a human likeness in Norse poetry. The mode of thought is that of the scald who describes a ship, ploughing its way through the sea, in the words, "The horse of the sea-hills tears his breast out of white Ran's [the woman of the sea's] mouth"; or of the scald who says of a vessel plunging heavily, "The wet-cool Ran leads time after time the vessel down into Aegir's [the man of the sea's] jaw."

Professor Grönbech's comments on these excerpts are interesting, and not least so in application to Shakespeare's lines. "Sun and earth," he writes, "may assume a human-like appearance. . . . The poets could, even in late historical times, speak of Ran and Aegir as the sea they were, without veiling their personality. . . . In the same way earth is at one time a woman, screaming, threatening, or conceiving, and giving birth to children, at another time she is capable of fading or of burying men in her womb. One moment a river rises like a man to challenge the wader, the next moment it rushes like a flood at its enemy and drowns him in its rage of waters. . . . When earth is called the wife of Odin, the mother of Thor, when wind is styled the son of Fornjót, and the sea is conceived as Ran, the wife of Aegir, the myths are not anthropomorphism or personification in the modern and Alexandrian sense. Human-likeness is joined to the other qualities of natural phenomena or, more truly expressed, human appearance enters as a quality among other qualities into the soul of earth, wind and sea, but it does not in the least interfere with the impersonal workings of the forces of nature. There is no contradiction between subject and verb in the scald's description of the winter gales: 'Fornjót's sons began to whirl,' nor is there any breach of common-sense in a storm scene such as this: 'The gusts carded and

twined the storm-glad daughters of Aegir.' The moon gives birth, the earth is a mother, stones bring young into the world, and that is to say that these beings beget, conceive and are delivered, for thus all procreation takes place under the sun. But this does not imply that earth must transform itself to a human being and seek a couch to bring forth its children. . . . To get the whole idea as it lived in the minds of the Teutons we must try to fuse elements that are incompatible in our thought, and still more we must discard our habit of looking at nature in the light of the moment."

To return once more to Shakespeare's lines, the [tribal] limitation of earth to "this soil" is still, apparently, in harmony with primitive Teutonic modes of thought: "Moreover," writes Professor Grönbech, "the earth itself is not an area in which many tribes are huddled up, but as we have seen, a living being conceiving from the plough and the sower, a woman and yet the broad, green expanse of soil"; and again "the earth is not principally the expanse of fruitful soil, but soil, fertility itself, and the reality of the spacious earth is as wholly present in a clod as in the fields stretching far and wide."

"The Culture of the Teutons" is a work of immense erudition and of profound psychological insight; its influence on many historical and literary studies should be most salutary.

R. P. C.

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WORLD CIVILISATION. "The History of World Civilisation: from Pre-Historic Times to the Middle Ages." By Hermann Schneider. 2 Vols. Routledge. 42s. net.

When this book was first published in Germany it was hailed as "the most significant achievement since Spengler." It is, perhaps, natural that such a comparison with Spengler should be made, for, at first sight, both writers seem to cover much the same ground, and both treat the great cultural forces of the world from a semi-biological and semi-psychological standpoint. But with that the comparison ends, as Schneider is much more objective in his viewpoint and more scientific in his method. In this great book will be found something nowadays rare in historical works, the solid foundation for a comparative study of the great cultural achievements of humanity, and comparisons which the reader, whether he be student or specialist, must find infinitely stimulating. It is Professor Schneider's life work, occupying more than twenty-five years in the writing, and it is certainly a book that must be treated with the utmost respect. The author is Professor of Philosophy in the University of Leipzig.

The thesis that Dr. Schneider advances is that cultures, like individual human beings, have their stages of infancy, adolescence, maturity, and senility. The progression of these cultures, however, is not steady like the progressive development of individual humans: it is irregular, going forward by leaps and bounds. The spiral theory of social progress is definitely overthrown, and sociology must rest upon the rather jerky progress of jumps. By the comparative study of the cultural history of definite peoples we may, according to Dr. Schneider, reach conclusions which would justify a claim for the cultural develop-

ment of humanity. It is this cultural development which he has very fascinatingly and convincingly traced in this great work.

The early chapters deal with pre-history, after which the inventors of writing, the Egyptians, the Babylonians and the Cretans are studied. Then is traced the history of the peoples who developed the use of writing, the Jews, the Greeks, the Persians, the Romans and the Byzantines, and there is a long chapter devoted to the Ancient Indians and the Chinese. It is a work that marks a distinct epoch in historical study, and may well lead to a newer orientation of sociological studies.

L. P. B.

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THE COLLECTED POEMS OF HERBERT PALMER. Benn. 10s. 6d. 236 pp.

While a selected rather than a collected volume might do more justice to Mr. Palmer as poet, the present volume is to be welcomed by those who regard poetry as spiritual autobiography. For his verse has other than poetic interest ; it appears to be hewn out of his life. Most poets stand at one remove from life in the attitude of the passive ; Mr. Palmer runs at it with a sword. Like his own "Ishmael," he would carve of it his kingdom.

"His domain was the desert. None tamed him.
None bought nor sold his spirit, though his hand
Dripped red against the dawn and sunset stain.

Thrones melted, kingdoms passed to the world's rim,
But Ishmael scourged the lion in Paran land,
And kept his faith with God. And he will reign."

His faults, too, are the faults of the fighter—the sensitive fighter, who must always lose something of himself in battle, some of his sensitiveness perhaps, some fine fibre that must needs be hammered to a buckler that his spirit survive. So he has odd lapses into easy sentiment when the Lonely in him absorbed for the moment in its opposite would run with the herd. On this lower plane of broad contrasts and easy emotions, the dramatist in him turns melodramatist, his sharp sense of values is a little blunted and his phrasing accordingly as much of a gamble as the tossing of dice. We get "The Foreign Legionary" :—

"He had just come out of prison, and he stood and scowled apart,
The old lust 'neath his ragged coat, and the old hate in his heart ;
And he peered to right and left through the cruel sleet and rain,
Then dived into the nearest street to stab and steal again.

.

He lay wounded in the desert where the thirsty sand gleamed red,
 Arab spearmen thrusting at the dying and the dead ;
 He had left the shrunken ranks to save a comrade in the rear ;
 And he raised himself and cursed them ; and went down beneath a spear."

and " Talking to God " :—

" A fighting man lay down for ease
 In the shade of two tall forest trees
 Deep dinted with bullet and shell.
 And one tree said to the other :
 ' Is not this worn soldier our brother ?
 And has he not vowed to defend
 This strip of green glade to the End ?
 Let us thank the kind Father in Heaven
 For this kinship of man he has given.'
 The trees talked to God all the night,
 And they thrilled with a soaring delight."

But that is one plane only. The book is a record of struggle on many planes. Reading it, one becomes aware of a Titan heaving up from the meshes of earth, vigorous, weary, angrily railing, laughing, mocking, but always intent on the goal which to him means the perfection of his own self, the marriage of Heaven and Hell :—

" And our long torment will seem but the thorn
 That jarred the hedgerow ere the flower was born,
 For all we shaped will bloom without a stain,
 Unfold a rose, fade, rise to life again,
 Eternal gift of Springtime by our pain."

Out of the struggle, too, the virtues take flower, arising from those utilities their opposites. There is something reminiscent of Blake in " Hate " :—

" I hated a fellow man long ago,
 For he compassed my spirit's overthrow,
 And the years that followed were bitter with woe.

And if someone had sent that man to his rest
 I think that my heart would have danced in my breast,
 And I dreamed that I sought him, and slew him with zest.

But a week went by the word went round
 That my enemy's body was under the ground ;
 And my heart was heavy and gave no sound.

Only the wind and the skies made call—
 ' God have pity upon you all.' "

There is nothing baleful in his hatred, however. In "Me and My Poems" it is so removed from him that he can laugh at it—and his critics:—

"I'm a fluttering sample of old fly-papers,
A spider turned bumble-bee.
I'm a sweet girl cutting her virgin capers
On a daffodil woodland lea.
I'm ting-a-ling-ling, hey-ding-a-ding-ding!
What makes the moon move and the sea.
But my each little song seems somehow wrong
For a 'Georgian' Anthologie."

He is, I would conclude, a poet of many planes, except possibly that last one where the world is its aura and things their own bright suggestions. He is too urgent a fighter for that, too restless, too colourful a personality.

"What theme had Homer but original sin?"

PADRAIC FALLON.

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A TALE OF TROY. By John Masefield. Heinemann. 5s. net.

This straightforward narrative version of the Trojan War has life and vigour. The Poet Laureate inherits from his bardic forbears the gift of thrilling his hearers be they kings or scullions, old men or children. The poem was written to be spoken, and divides naturally into recitals by the various protagonists, Klytemnestra, the Spearman, the Daughter of Sthenelus, etc., which makes for variety both in angle of vision and metre. If the beginning of the story seems in parts a trifle pedestrian and lacking in poetic fire, and as if the teller were a little bored with the wrath of Klytemnestra against her daughter's murderers, with the building of the Horse he really warms to his subject, and the poem grows in imaginative richness from this fine descriptive passage to the end. He tells of the perils of the five heroes chosen to hide in the Horse, Ulysses, Menelaus and the others, with great poetic energy, and all that adventurous excitement in which he has always excelled. We follow the terrible premonitions of those in danger who can hear but cannot see, the physical sufferings of five men cramped in a stifling oven, from the moment when the Greek ships make their feigned departure leaving them all alone:

"The noise of our friends cheering slowly died
We knew ourselves alone within the camp.
And then a crow perched on the Horse's head
And cawed and flapped, and cried an eager cry
Seeing a morsel and with creaked wings went.
Then seagulls perched upon the Horse together;
They talked their sea speech as they preened themselves;
Then after shifting leg for leg, they slept
There in the sun above us, while the heat
Grew greater in the oven where we were."

then through the torturing procession into Troy, with the maddened mob debating whether the Horse should be burnt as a sacrifice to Apollo, flung from the ramparts on to the rocks below, or placed in the Temple. The detail is masterly, and small touches like the seagull passage quoted above, and later when all the din and terror of the crowds have subsided, when Cassandra's fateful ravings are past, and the all-but-death from the spear of a fanatic thrown at the Horse's side, the lines describing the prisoners' reaction to the welcome cry of "Sunset" from the towers of windy Troy bringing peace to the city, lend colour and conviction to the narrative.

In the final scenes, particularly in the death of the young Deiphobus one experiences afresh the essential heroism, tragedy and pitiful waste of all wars whether ancient or modern, and the epilogue spoken by Cassandra is a fitting and lyrical close.

"Swallows will come again, and flowers,
Not Troy, who guarded with her towers
That life of ours."

M. G.

* * * *

NINETEENTH CENTURY POETRY. An Anthology chosen by John Hayward.

Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.

THE BEST POEMS OF 1932. Selected by Thomas Moulton. Cape. 6s. net.

Many compilers of anthologies give the sad impression of having ransacked previous collections for what appear to be the most popular poems, "Love," "Mystical," etc., and of having republished the same with a new cover and introduction; so it is a relief to find Mr. Hayward sensibly admitting to "choosing a poem simply because it is to his taste and satisfies certain of his emotional and intellectual needs." Opening the book at random I chanced on Dowson, and thinking to find the inevitable and somewhat passé "Cynara," was surprised and charmed to experience the lovely, nostalgic music of "The Garden of Shadow." Other unfamiliar poems include "The Unicorn" by George Darley, which has a strangely dateless quality, "Summer Images" by John Clare, who was undoubtedly one of the finest nature poets of all time, and "Encinctured with a Twine of Leaves" a little-known poem of Coleridge, and full of his peculiar spellbound atmosphere. Admirable selections are made from both Keats and Tennyson, two exceedingly difficult poets from which to choose. The flawless pieces taken from the latter almost dissipate one's twentieth century prejudices against the "Tea-party on the Vicarage lawn."

"Ah! sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more."

One could forgive much to the man who wrote this.

The whole collection shows poetic judgment and care, and is likely to set many re-reading the lesser known poets as well as the masters, which is after all the major function of anthologies.

"The Best Poems of 1932" would seem to be a hardy perennial, since it has bloomed every year since 1922, when Mr. Moulton first had the idea of garnering what he considered to be the finest poems from English, Irish and American periodicals. Although THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE is only represented by one poem, that one, A.E.'s "First Love" is without any shadow of doubt the pick of the bunch. It is a lyric in which one would not have one word changed, so flawless is its technique, so ravishing its tender enchantment. Other Irish poets included are Lyle Donaghy, James Stephens, whose "White Swan" is a graceful creature, and Lord Dunsany. Also worthy of note are two fine sonnets owing something to Herédia, by Yvonne French, a contributor to "The London Mercury," and "Dust," by William Soutar, whose Muse has a restful and un-obvious strength. The decorations are rather irritating and badly drawn, and might with advantage have been omitted.

M. G.

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PETER ABAILARD. By J. G. Sikes. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1932. Pp. xviii + 282. 12s. 6d. net.

Dr. Nairne, in his Preface, regrets the absence of a chapter on Abailard and Mediaeval Latin Verse. So do I. Abailard was the greatest poet of his time. That is the only criticism I have to make of this excellent book, by far the most convincing and careful interpretation of Abailard's philosophy which has appeared in print. Compared with it, for example, Lasserre's *Un Conflit religieux au XII^e siècle* (Paris 1930), which Mr. Sikes does not mention in his bibliography, is slight, superficial and tendentious (as might be expected from the author of the ignoble jest *Le Secret d'Abélard*.)

Abailard was born near Nantes in 1079. After studying at Loches under Roscelin and possibly under Thierry of Chartres, he attended the lectures of William of Champeaux in Paris. He set up a school of his own at Melun, then at Corbeil. But illness caused his return to Brittany. On his return to Paris Abailard again studied under William of Champeaux, whose rival he soon became. Abailard's school on the Mont Ste. Genevieve attracted hosts of pupils, until his second return to Brittany. In 1113 or 1114 Abailard returned to study theology under Anselm of Laon. Soon, however, he began to lecture himself. Friction between himself and his master caused him to return to Paris, where he obtained a Chair at the Cathedral school.

His was a disdainful, unruly mind, the mind of one who takes nothing on trust, contemptuous of criticism, short with fools: he considered himself the only philosopher of the day, and made not only hosts of admirers, but many powerful enemies. At this period must be placed the most famous incident of his life, the seduction of Héloïse, niece of Fulbert, a canon of Notre Dame, and the disaster following upon it. We may suppose also that his "love-poems" (e.g., the *Lament of David over Jonathan*) belong to this time of his life. Héloïse became a nun at Argenteuil. Abailard entered the Abbey of St. Denis, where he made his profession in 1118. His criticism of the laxity of the monastery did not please Abbot Adam, and soon Abailard obtained permission to leave the monastery and open a school again. This was the period of his greatest fame. Now he

wrote the *De Unitate et Trinitate Divina*. In 1121 Abailard was summoned before a Council at Soissons to answer the charge of Sabellianism. The book was ordered to be burnt, not as heretical, but as unlicensed, and Abailard was handed over to the Abbot of St. Médard, Geoffrey Col de Cerf, who treated him well and kindly. The prior was a former pupil of Abailard's, Gosvin. Abailard was soon sent back to St. Denis, whence he escaped to Provins, in the dominions of Thibaut, Comte de Champagne (1121 or 1122). He was forced under threat of excommunication to return to Paris, where, however, Abbot Adam of St. Denis being dead, and Suger, his successor, friendly, as well as Etienne de Garlande, the third of the three Garlande brothers, the uncle of Amaury de Montfort's wife, and the object of St. Bernard's bitter scorn. Louis le Gros gave Abailard permission to live where he would except in a religious house. He returned to Champagne where Count Thibaut gave him some land near Troyes on which he built a mud-and-wattle oratory.

Soon again students flocked from all parts, and a wood and stone house had to be built, which Abailard dedicated to the Paraclete. He taught without papal licence, and, feeling that his enemies were preparing a renewed attack, he left the Paraclete and became Abbot of St. Gildas de Ruys near Vannes in Brittany.

In 1128 the nuns of Argentueil were expelled by the monks of St. Denis, and Héloïse settled at the Paraclete with some of the Sisters. Abailard's deed of transference was confirmed in 1131 by Pope Innocent II. at the Council of Reims.

Abailard had his difficulties at St. Gildas; a revolt of the monks and repeated attempts to murder him, brought about ultimately, probably in 1131, a Papal inquiry. We know that Abailard visited Innocent II. at Morigny in January 1131. Abailard finally left the Abbey soon afterwards.

At this point Abailard's autobiography ends. He lived probably near the Paraclete. In 1136 John of Salisbury became his pupil at Mont Ste Genevieve. Arnold of Brescia was his friend and perhaps his pupil.

St. Bernard began his attacks on Abailard in 1140. They represent antagonistic and irreconcilable types of mind. Abailard believed and taught that the reason was capable of apprehending and explaining the truths of faith; St. Bernard needed no rational proof of what to him was a mystical experience. Abailard's examination in the light of reason into the nature of God appeared to St. Bernard to be impious. He regarded Abailard's "attempt to apply logic to theology as an attempt to make all dogma a matter of human opinion" (p. 222). Abailard, too, stressed the incarnation in Christ of the Eternal Word, while St. Bernard's Christology was centred upon the personal Jesus. Abailard's humanism was also offensive to him. Abailard's denial of the power of priests to absolve men from their sins appeared to him as an attack on ecclesiastical authority.

The outcome of it all was the Council of Sens (1140 or 1141), which condemned Abailard, who was excommunicated by Innocent II. He set out for Rome to lay his case before the Pope. On his way he stopped at Cluny, where the Abbot, Peter the Venerable, was unfriendly to St. Bernard. By his advice Abailard made his peace with St. Bernard, and then returned to Cluny, where his humble

devotion astounded the monks. He died on April 21st, 1142, at Châlons-sur-Saône, a sister house.

I am not competent to discuss Abailard's theology. Mr. Sikes's book is minutely documented, and discusses in detail every aspect of the subject.

This book should do much to correct the unfortunate notoriety which Abailard has achieved through an episode in his career, unduly stressed by Villon and so many others after him. Even if the ordinary man cannot be expected to realise how great was his contribution to philosophy, how daring was his emphasis on the power of the intellect, all those who care for poetry can at least remember him as, in the early twelfth century, a poet of almost modern note. His *O Quanta Qualia* (Heaven's Endless Sabbath) is, of course, well known in its English dress. It is one of the finest hymns of all time. Its metre is the accental derivative of the trochaic tetrameter. It was written for use at the Paraclete, and therefore belongs to the latter part of Abailard's life.

The *Solus ad victimam*, translated by Miss Waddell, is "the supreme expression of his faith, and of that theory of the Atonement which his century branded as heresy, and which is the beginning of modern theology."

It is in the same metre, a favourite of Abailard's. There are ninety-three of these hymns. If Abailard had only written these two, he would still be the greatest poet of his time.

After them, even the *Planctus* are minor, though the minor work of a very great poet. In them his passion for Héloïse awakes and cries:

Low in thy grave with thee

Happy to lie,

Since there's no greater thing left Love to do. . . .

It is true that occasionally he is unintentionally comic, as in the Latin decasyllables written on the French model with masculine or lyric caesura (as in the *Miraculum Sancti Nicholai*):

Vitae viam in via peperit,

Hospitium non domum habuit

Regum proles et coeli domina,

Pro cameris intravit stabula. . . .

But that detracts in nothing from his greatness.

M. Halphen says that he founded "la libre recherche scientifique." He also founded modern theology.

R. B.

* * * *

WESLEY. By James Laver. Peter Davies. 5s. net.

To convey the life history and personality of a Wesley in the small compass of a hundred and sixty pages is no easy task, but although Mr. Laver has been obliged to compress his narrative to the point of dryness, the essential greatness of character of his subject clearly emerges from all the vicissitudes of that extraordinary life. Those who hope for any "Nymph Errant" sprightliness will, however, be disappointed, and indeed so widespread is the callow patronage of would-be Stracheys, that it is a relief to read a modern biography in which there is more of dignity than impudence. Mr. Laver envisages Methodism as the religious side of the naturalistic and emotional movement in literature repre-

sented by Richardson and Rousseau ; a part of the reaction to eighteenth century rationalism, "the answer of the heart to the too long dominant head," and considers Wesley's personality to be remarkable in that he combined in his person the two essential aspects of the eighteenth century. "He was a Man of Feeling, full of the new Humanitarianism, but he was also a man of clear and even dry intelligence whose appeal was always to Reason."

Readers who have no previous knowledge of the great religious leader will get from this book a good idea of the stupendous energy and blazing conviction that carried him through every sort of persecution, both public and private (even the consolations of love were denied him by the machinations of his own brother) with his beauty of spirit unscathed, and his genuine love of his fellows unembittered. Even the compulsory succinctness of Mr. Laver's style relaxes pleasantly in the contemplation of Wesley as a silver-haired old gentleman with the sweetest of smiles, trundling around England in a coach with a special shelf fitted up inside for his books, so that he should not waste time while travelling.

One also obtains from the book a clear idea of the important part played by Mrs. Wesley in the foundation of Methodism, both in her upbringing of her son and by her remarkable understanding and support of his campaign.

M. G.

* * * *

JOSEPH CONRAD'S MIND AND MATTER. By R. L. Megroz. Faber & Faber. 10s. 6d. net.

For the moment, but only for the moment, Joseph Conrad seems to have suffered eclipse. This was, perhaps, inevitable ; and those who know his work will have no doubt of an equally inevitable revival of interest. In that revival of interest Mr. Megroz's book will play an important part, as he has written what is easily the best book yet published on Conrad's life and art.

When Mr. Megroz says that Conrad belonged to "the Miltonic type of artist, whose vision of reality is always a reflection of his own magic and aspiring self" he places that tremendous artist in his proper sphere. Conrad went for his material to his own experiences as a seaman who had grappled with the difficulties of self-expression, and if he stutters or splutters sometimes that was merely his "triumphant passive resistance to the world." It is good to find Mr. Megroz single out "Nostromo," that glorious and glowing book of a South America that even Cunningham Grahame but glimpsed, for especial praise, and if his appreciative criticism bring a single reader to that masterpiece it will have been almost amply rewarded.

Mr. Megroz shows his quality as a Conrad critic by going at once to the very root of the matter, and demonstrating that, in a sense, all Conrad's work was autobiographical. Anything that did not derive from his life on the sea derived from his boyhood in the Poland which he never ceased to love and remember. It was, perhaps, his great love of freedom, as much as his urge to self-expression, that drove Conrad to choose the sea as his life-career, as it was only there that he could "learn liberty, from crashing wind and lashing sea," as our Irish song has it. In all Conrad's work is inherent that struggle, for liberty and for self-expression, as much in "Lord Jim" or "Youth" as in the exquisite "Freya of the Seven Isles" or in "Nostromo," and these are as truly autobiographical as "A Personal Record."

This is a book to treasure. It should take its place on the shelf with Conrad's

own works, as it will be needed occasionally to clarify some of the clouds which are occasionally encountered there. The knowledge displayed by Mr. Megroz is as willingly acknowledged as is his sympathetic understanding of Joseph Conrad, the Slav dreamer who became a great artist.

A. E. M.

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VIRGINIA WOOLF. By Winfred Holtby. London: Wishart & Co. 1932. 6s.

This is the first study in English of the work of a distinguished living novelist and critic, Virginia Woolf. The author, who is herself a novelist and critic, touches on the biography of her subject just sufficiently to trace the effect of early surroundings on her work. She disclaims any suggestion of authorisation in this biography; in the one interview she had with Mrs. Woolf "her sole instruction," writes Miss Holtby, "was that I should treat her work with the candour and impartiality applied by critics to the writings of the dead." And so she does. It is this candour and impartiality, together with the soundness of her criticism, that is the merit of this little book.

In her account of the novels Miss Holtby aims at a study of their interpretation and their technique; she elucidates the thought and the philosophy of life and death (for death comes within Mrs. Woolf's survey) expressed in them. The study of the unusual and amazing *Orlando*, in conjunction with *A Room of One's Own* gives an insight into the mind and outlook of Virginia Woolf, and makes *Orlando*, whether novel or biography, more intelligible to the "common reader."

Miss Holtby deals more fully with the novels than with the critical essays; that is natural, for however interesting Mrs. Woolf's critical work is in itself, her novels give more scope for study of her personality and her philosophy. In unfolding her subject to her readers Miss Holtby uses her material with admirable economy.

This book will be welcomed by admirers of Mrs. Woolf's work and by those who wish to get a better understanding of it.

E. NIC GH.

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THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER IN FRANCE, 1698-1815. By Constantia Maxwell. London: George Routledge & Sons, Ltd. 1932. Pp. x+301. 15s. net.

Dr. Maxwell has written a book which is both scholarly and interesting to the general reader. She writes in a restrained and natural style, which makes her work agreeable to read and reminds me very frequently of the simplicity and terseness of the eighteenth century writers, with whom she has much affinity. It is curious to note that the centre of France was visited far less than any other part. Dr. Maxwell's map shows almost a blank for the whole Massif Central. But some of the travellers must have passed through this region. Morris Birkbeck, a Surrey Quaker, and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, at any rate, visited Clermont. Arthur Young, too, went to Auvergne. But the whole region south of Clermont as far as the southern limits of the Massif Central seems to have been left unexplored then: it is still a region unknown to Cook and the American Express Co., except for the Gorges of the Tarn. English travellers were in the eighteenth century and still are, with few exceptions, unenterprising. Montpellier, the only provincial town in France which, according to Stendhal, "n'ait pas l'air bête" (if I quote correctly) displeased both Philip Thicknesse and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall

for the same reason that it displeased one of the exchange lecturers sent there by Trinity College—its narrow, winding streets. Thicknesse found them dirty and narrow, and was afflicted by mosquitoes. I admit the mosquitoes, but these same narrow winding streets hide some of the most splendid buildings in France, residences of the former merchant princes of Montpellier. None of them took the trouble, it seems, to visit the ancient Cathedral of Maguelonne, which owes its first destruction to Charles Martel, and now sits lonely, deprived of its town, long since razed, between the lagoon and the sea, one of the most lonely spots on earth.

John Breval's description of Arles in 1724 might still be true. I like Arles, but the amphitheatre is still "crowded with beggarly tenements that compose a sort of dirty little town and quite obstruct the view of one of the most magnificent fabrics of the kind that is to be met with anywhere out of Italy." The Aliscamps is, of course, utterly disappointing, in foul surroundings, and stinks of pigs.

Breval did not think much of Orange. Nor do I. It is a poky, dirty village.

Wraxall found Avignon (1775) "ill-built, irregular, and devoid of beauty," in spite of the massive bulk of the lofty Palace of the Popes that dwarfs the pigmy town. Avignon impresses me as a place of great bustle and animation, spoilt by American tourists, but full of charm and interest. It is true that it is intricate and irregular and that parts are dirty; but is there any old town that is otherwise? One of the towns I like best in France is Saint-Flour, unvisited by tourists then or now, perched on its rock, dark and priest-ridden, the ecclesiastical capital of Cantal; it preserves the odour even, I imagine, of the later middle ages, and its water-supply is so bad that even the hotels supply mineral water free. But I love Saint-Flour.

Most visitors to the South crossed the Rhône at Beaucaire: most travellers to-day do the same, but they go by train and spend interminable hours on the platforms of Tarascon station. But I doubt if any of them realized that Beaucaire is one of the supreme gems of the Midi, a mediaeval town almost unspoiled, crowned by the ruins (but what ruins!) of the most beautiful castle of the South! Do not look for the traces of Aucassin and Nicolette, however. The Castle was not built when they lived, if they ever did, and, in any case, they did not live at Beaucaire, despite the story.

I would like to follow Dr. Maxwell's travellers step by step. But space forbids. I hope that she will give us another book dealing in detail with some one resort, such as Montpellier, which, even if it deterred Wraxall and Thicknesse, was much frequented by the English. Was its popularity due in any way to its Protestantism? It still has a large Protestant population, even if smaller than that of Nîmes.

R.-B.

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SOUTHERN CROSS TO POLE STAR. By A. F. Tschiffely. William Heinemann, Ltd. 1933. 15s.

To all lovers of adventure and to all friends of horses this book should prove one of absorbing interest. It is doubtful if any more remarkable exploit of its kind has ever been attempted, than that recorded here by the author of his amazing journey of 10,000 miles in the saddle with two horses, from Buenos Ayres to Washington. As a feat of courage and endurance in the face of the risks and hardships of a journey of this nature, one would, perhaps, have to go back to the days of the early Spanish Conquistadores to find a parallel. True,

the latter were in strange and unmapped country amidst hostile natives, but as they would hardly ever have travelled far singly, their perils do not seem to be immeasurably greater than those encountered by Mr. Tschiffely, as, for example, when he found himself alone, treacherously deserted by his guide during a tropical storm on some desolate Andean mountain trail, miles from anywhere, and with night falling.

The writer of this notice himself spent some years in the Bolivian Andes and amongst the arid deserts of the northern Chilean and Peruvian coasts, and although enjoying the relative luxury of railway construction camps, can nevertheless fully appreciate the extreme discomforts and difficulties that the intrepid author must have experienced over a great part of his long and arduous journey.

Mr. Tschiffely describes in some detail the unsavoury method used by the Bolivian and Peruvian Indians to prepare from maize an intoxicating drink called "chicha." This is no pleasant beverage for the fastidious or nervous, for, if not deterred by thoughts of this repugnant process, the usual appalling dirtiness of one's surroundings and of the receptacles in which it is offered in Indian villages is enough to make any but the most hardened shudder. Fortunately, as the author points out, it is considered "etiquette" to pour a little on the ground before drinking to bring good luck and fertility to the soil, and so most, if not all of it, can be disposed of in that way if desired.

Mr. Tschiffely writes sympathetically of the Quichua Indian, the most numerous of the native tribes in the Central Andes—a race of fine physique and naturally cheerful and gentle disposition. He rightly deplores the way in which these unfortunate people are victimized and exploited by the governing races and the mestizos or half-breeds. Indeed his invariable sympathy with the underdog, no less than his love of animals, shines through this book. Swimming or fording rivers, often swollen to raging torrents, with his two wonderful horses, Mancha and Gato, negotiating hair-raising gaps or awkward landslips on the mountain trails caused by the rains, or painfully climbing at altitudes where those used to the plains find themselves gasping for breath with every slight extra exertion—these are incidents so often repeated, that by the time the reader has followed the author on his journey as far as Mexico the hazards of passing through that country whilst a bloodthirsty revolution is in progress hardly seems to call for any special comment. To have carried this amazing adventure, lasting nearly three years, through to a successful issue implies a rare spirit of courage and determination. But as a feat it is not any more remarkable than that achieved by Mr. Tschiffely's faithful friends and companions, the two Argentine "criollo" horses. They, one is glad to know, have since been revelling in perfect and untrammelled freedom to roam their native pampas.

Indeed the author undertook his remarkable journey to prove, in the face of considerable scepticism, the almost incredible powers of resistance and adaptability of the breed. That they should have withstood for so long, such extreme diversity of climate, and altitude, innumerable stinging insects and other parasites, and above all a great variety of totally unaccustomed food—and often scarcity of that, plodding now over waterless sandy desert, now through tropical forest, or again along rocky and stony mountain paths, shows how well his faith was justified. Following Miss Amy Drucker's excellent portrait of Mr. Tschiffely as frontispiece, is a painting by an Argentine artist of these two famous horses. There are many interesting photographs by the author, in particular those taken

in the romantic land of the Incas, scattered through the book. Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham contributes a sympathetic preface.

One could perhaps wish that the author had dwelt a little more on the many interesting native customs and manners that must have come under his observation, and also give a trifle more space to the description of scenic and topographical features of which the great Andean chain—the “Cordillera Real,” as it is called, offers so many examples of surpassing beauty and grandeur. The inclusion of a more serious map of his route to supplement the somewhat fantastic pictorial one on the end covers would be welcome.

We may, however, congratulate the author on the fact that although his book only appeared since the last number of this Quarterly went to press, the third edition is already exhausted—an indication of a well-merited success.

B. L. J.

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THREE LANDS ON THREE WHEELS. By Jan and Cora Gordon. London: Harrap and Co. 12s. 6d. net.

The trip which this book describes was made through France, England, and Ireland on a motor bicycle with a “box” side-car, which was named by a friend the “Wandering Wardrobe.” The object of the tour was to see and to compare the three countries from the point of view not only of the tourist travelling “on the cheap,” but also of the reader interested in the different character of the three peoples.

Jan and Cora Gordon have written many books about their tramping journeys through various countries. Much of their travelling has been done with the theoretical limit of three shillings a day for expenses, for they believe that the true flavour of a country can only be appreciated by close contact with the ordinary folk.

This book is the record of their first visit to Ireland. They arrived in Dublin, and immediately set out for Galway and thence to the Aran Islands, which was their objective. They give an account of life on the islands, which is set off by interesting sketches, for both Mr. and Mrs. Gordon are artists and their illustrations of places and incidents contribute much to the enjoyment of the narrative.

E. NIC GH.

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HUNGER-STRIKE. By Mairin Cregan. A Play in Two Acts. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, Ltd. 1s. 6d. net.

Mairin Cregan’s play is a dramatisation of a page of recent history. Ten years ago some thousands of Republican prisoners of the Civil War were still in prison months after the “Cease Fire” order which brought an end to hostilities. The conditions under which they were held were punitive and provocative, with the result that a certain number took up the weapon of hunger-strike as a protest.

When the curtain rises, showing the kitchen of a country farmhouse, Ned Grady, the man-of-the-house, “a strong” farmer, has been on hunger-strike for twenty-five days in Kilmainham. His wife is being set upon by her relatives to take some action to have her husband released, or to bring pressure to bear on him to abandon the strike. She refuses.

The characterisation of Nano Grady in her struggle between loyalty to her husband in his undertaking, and her love for him is finely drawn. She becomes

almost a tragic figure in the second act with the accumulation of trouble heaped upon her, and the growing suspense and apprehension as the drama leads up to the climax. Our attention is centred on her husband from the first reference to him until the final curtain. Although he does not appear on the stage, his character is clearly defined. The introduction of the old Fenian, Davey Lucey, is appropriate. His patriotic principles set off those of Nano and Ned, and while elucidating the action, give further insight into their characters.

Through the lively and natural dialogue the action progresses to the climax, and the dénouement is awaited with interest. Mairin Cregan uses her material with strict economy. She handles detail in the working out of the plot with the subtlety of Susan Glaspel, and achieves fine dramatic effects, such as the 'curtain' at the end of Act I.

Historically the play is of interest; it records something that happened and the thoughts and feelings that went with it; the sentiment is of the time and the atmosphere of 1923 is captured with rare fidelity. Mairin Cregan presents the viewpoint of those who took the Republican side in the Civil War and the heroism of the sacrifices that were made to uphold a faith. It is a contribution to the literature of the time, and a worthy one because it is written in a fine spirit, with none of that corroding cynicism which has been the fashion in post-Treaty books until recently.

E. NIC GH.

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WILD LIFE IN THE BUSH.

WHAT BIRD IS THAT? By Neville W. Cayley. Sydney: Messrs. Angus and Robertson; London: The Australian Book Co. 12s. 6d. net.

GUIDE TO THE ORCHIDS OF NEW SOUTH WALES. By H. M. R. Rupp. 7s. 6d. net. and

THE PLATYPUS. By Harry Burrell. Sydney: Angus and Robertson; London: The Australian Book Co. 10s. 6d. net.

There seems to be a very considerable movement afoot among Australians for the protecting and studying of the flora and fauna of their country. This most laudable ambition is largely helped by the excellent publications of Messrs. Angus and Robertson, whose books form a thorough introduction to the study of nature in its various forms in the Australian bush and countryside. We have recently received some of these works. The study of birds, always a tricky subject, is rendered fairly simple for the beginner by Mr. Neville Cayley, whose "What Bird is That?" is a capital introduction to the birds of Australia. The illustrations are numerous and good, and we can conceive no pleasanter gift for the young naturalist. The plan of classifying the birds according to their habitat is less satisfactory, but all the same it must assist the bird lover in the earlier stages of his studies.

H. M. R. Rupp's "Guide to the Orchids of New South Wales" is a delightful little book of the beautiful Australian orchids, it is profusely illustrated and the text is very good while, important to the young, the price is most reasonable; indeed all the books are inexpensive considering the binding and illustrations. That most interesting of all creatures, the *Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus*, is adequately dealt with by Harry Burrell.

"The Platypus" is a model of what a little monograph should be, and it describes in detail the life and habits of this curious animal. There is a biblio-

graphy as well that should prove very useful to the reader who feels inclined to prosecute his studies further. These books accomplish a definite purpose, and if in years to come the wild life of Australia is better preserved than in other lands Messrs. Angus and Robertson will deserve much of the credit.

J. M. CHICHESTER.

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THE POPULAR NOVEL IN ENGLAND. By J. M. S. Tompkins. Constable & Co., Ltd., London. 1932. 12s. 6d.

This is an extremely interesting book. It is not a critical examination of the established novels of English literature; it is a study of popular taste in the novel at the end of the eighteenth century, of the best-sellers of the time, the favourites of the subscribers to the Circulating Libraries.

The Circulating Library is held responsible for the decline of the novel after Smollett; it supplied the demand of the day and so reflected the taste of its readers. Writers of standing objected to the baneful influence of it on the novel. Novels fell into disrepute because so many of them catered for this low standard of taste. Contemporary scandals, *causes célèbres*, and all stories of a sensational nature were the subject of these novels.

Nevertheless, they reflected the taste of the time more faithfully than any other literary form. A study of the type of work that comes within Miss Tompkins' survey, or preferably of this book itself, will be most helpful to students of the famous eighteenth-century novels or of the form in general.

The period with which Miss Tompkins deals in this book is the last thirty years of the eighteenth century. The forms that were popular at the time were the historical novel, the romance of the past, Horace Walpole's Gothic Romance *The Castle of Otranto* and the epistolary convention of Richardson. Clara Reeves and Mrs. Radcliffe were two best-sellers in their day. They wrote of the dim and misty past in stories highly flavoured with sensationalism, terror, and romance of a weird kind. She refers to Mrs. Radcliffe as the Shakespeare of Romance writers.

The epistolary novel, which had a vogue in the seventies, loses ground in the eighties and declines under the great popularity of the Gothic Romance. It was revived again at the turn of the century by the Romance writers, and it imparted a new vitality to the Romance novel. They realised its suitability and aptness for recording emotion—"I think Letters," says Mrs. Parker, as she sits down to read a sequence to her friends, "wrote while the heart is yet agitated with the passions they describe, are much more affecting than cold narrative"—but they had not the subtlety to avail themselves of it very much. On the other hand, they knew, and shamefully abused, the opportunity that letters give for suspense, and Miss Tompkins quotes an example of this from a novel: The husband of Melmoth's Emma Corbett, writing from America to his father-in-law, ends his letter—"O my God! I heard a shriek—"; the assumption is that it is Emma's, but Mr. Corbett had to wait for the next ship before he knew.

Miss Tompkins handles her material with great skill and holds our interest from chapter to chapter. She is never dull, she is continuously amusing us with the stores garnered from her reading in, for the most part, forgotten old books. This work will be read with great interest by the student of the English novel and of the pre-Romantic period of English Literature.

E. NIC GH.

THE HEARTLESS LAND. By James Stern. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

These stories of life in South Africa are not for the squeamish, for they take for subject every possible brutality both of man and of nature, the deadly poison of the Green Mamba snake only being surpassed by the even deadlier poisonousness of the Rhodesian farm-owners. The book appears to have sprung from bitter experience, and is the more effective in that Mr. Stern's vehement loathing of bullying and cruelty is apparent in every line he writes, unlike other novelists in this genre of a cruder sensibility, Liam O'Flaherty, for example, who seem to get immense zest from the murders and rapes that so liberally bespatter their pages.

"The Man who was Loved" is perhaps the finest story in the book, because for once the writer gets away from his overpowering obsession, and creates a character of great beauty and vividness. The wry stroke of fate which put an end to the heroic snake-killer gives the reader the authentic reaction of pity and terror, and the noble prose of the last pages shows plainly enough that one of the best ways to turn a poet's sensitivity sour is to turn him loose in a country where white men exploit and contaminate their black brethren. M. G.

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TWO NOVELS.

THE PASTOR OF POGGSEE. By Gustav Frenssen. Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.

JOHN AND DAVID. By James Kenward. Davies. 7s. 6d. net.

So far as the authors of these two novels are concerned they might both be beginners in so far as one reader is concerned, but in actual fact Gustav Frenssen's work has been praised by people as far apart in time as George Meredith and Knut Hamsun. His novels enjoy a tremendous vogue in Germany, and he is reputed to be the greatest of living "regionalist" novelists in that country. His people are the fisher and farming folk of Holstein, so that they must now once more be called Danish, but in this novel they are unmistakably German. "The Pastor of Poggsee" is the simple chronicle of a rather heterodox parson, with a belief in "spirits" and no gift of learning, whose life is spent in ministering to the material and spiritual needs of a primitive community. There is something of the sombre quality of Hardy in the book, but Frenssen's pastor triumphs over adversity, and there is no malign fate to thwart his endeavours. In its simplicity there is that charm that comes only from simple things, and its total effect is magnificent. It is a book that will bring readers to the author's other works, especially if they be all so delightfully translated.

"John and David" is a very different matter. This is a first novel that suggests a distinguished career for Mr. James Kenward. It is fundamentally a study in variation in character between two brothers, whose jealousy of each other leads to a tragic climax. It is a remarkable study of childhood and adolescence, closely studied and very carefully written, which has all the atmosphere of actual experience. It is a real book in the truest sense, and no part is more true than the office life which forms a large portion of the latter sections of the story. In "John and David" Mr. Kenward certainly reveals himself as an author who will bear watching, and his future work will be eagerly sought by all who care for close characterisation combined with a delightfully easy prose style. There is nothing forced, nothing unreal, in this fraternal strife; everything comes as naturally as the seasons. It is a book that can be commended with confidence. A. E. M.

NOT ALL JOY. By Dermot Freyer. (Elkin, Matthews & Manot, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net).

"Petals of a Rose," the first of these short stories, is not entirely representative of the book, but it reveals in its perfection the sensitive appreciation of the shade and shine of life, and power of delicately imaginative portrayal which are the special excellence of all the stories. Moves here the artist seer of life, not aloof but part of it, reviewing the quick changeable expressions of mood and thought, the quiet changes that cover depth, building up all in colours and fabric as delicate as the petals of a rose. This is the first story in the book. "Salvation" is the most profound, in its form the most perfect of them. Here Mr. Freyer is concerned with the reaction of a sensitive woman, for whom life has been not all sorrow but certainly not all joy, to a Salvation Army meeting which suddenly breaks in upon the quiet toward which her life has been gradually setting. With her little girl Molly, she has gone for the day to a seaside resort—escape from Maida Vale and London. Molly is excited, joyous, Kitty languorously content. Into her mood break scuffle and crowd, harmonium and tambourine, prayer and denunciation. Mr. Freyer is concerned with the effects of the intrusion upon a particular soul. Its effects on Kitty are jarring and disturbing. Afterwards—"she watched the child with languid interest, trying to efface the hateful scene from her memory. Fear, she recognised was the principal emotion which had swept over her; to fear alone it was that she had ultimately succumbed. Not a reasonable awe of any kind, but just the stark dread of a child that is frightened of the dark. And disgust...." The action moves to a conclusion of unusual power and beauty—to tell which in other words than the artist's would be to tell untruly.

Others of the stories are lighter—laughing even—"First-born," and "A Case of Spotted Fever." "The Chestnut Trees" has not the technical touch which convinces finally—it is a suggested description of "brain-storm." There is surely a link in the description missing: one which would have related the narrator's vague feeling of "bitter resentment" and "malevolent" will more particularly to the particular accident which befell: a suggestion that the resentment hardened not only into secret intense malevolence but into secret defined malevolence. Nevertheless, the story is of absorbing interest.

So, through variety of circumstance, accident, change, Mr. Freyer moves to the very perfect phantasy of "Survival"—the last beautiful story. In at least, three of the stories—in "Petals of a Rose," in "Salvation," and in "Survival" beauty simply *is*, the silent trumpet those with ears will hear and be glad for.

L. D.

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TALES AND ANECDOTES.

TALES OF MY STUDY. By Somerville Story. Marseilles, "Studies." 6s. net.

TALES OF FRANCE. By Somerville Story. Marseilles, "Studies." 4s. 6d. net.

It has been said that Mr. Somerville Story is "the most Parisian of English writers," and in his "Tales of France" he proves that he not only knows France but loves it with devotion. To its author the book is "a collection of chosen

notes, souvenirs, and impressions gathered during many years spent in France by one who, . . . lived or roamed in all parts of the country, and always mixing with the people and learning to know them." But the little volume is more than that : it is, as a whole, a book which will enable the reader unfamiliar with France to understand and appreciate where otherwise he might be disposed to criticise and condemn. The book will humanise the knowledge of Baedeker, and if taken in conjunction with that indispensable volume will open up new delights to the visitor to France.

"Tales of My Study" is a book that will delight most children who have learned to read carefully. In turn each of the objects in the author's study, from the carpet to the tobacco jar, are made to live vividly and to become the centre of an engrossing tale. If they do not keep "old men from the chimney corner" these tales will certainly prove delightful to the children.

F. W.

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A NATIONAL FOREST POLICY. By Bulmer Hobson. Pp. 24. Privately printed. 1931.

In this small pamphlet Mr. Hobson states clearly and succinctly the case for forestry in Ireland. He emphasises the necessity for an alternative industry to agriculture and urges the claims of extensive afforestation as a palliative for our economic ills. We possess a smaller proportion of timbered land than any other country in Europe. Our woods, such as they are, are rapidly vanishing and the wastage through felling and neglect remains unrepaired. The aim of the Government is to plant 200,000 acres—a meagre one per cent. of the land surface—but at the present rate it will take forty years to carry out even this modest programme. Mr. Hobson proposes the establishment of 525,000 acres of plantations within fifteen years. He emphasises the need for such large scale operations if the foreshadowed social and industrial benefits are to accrue to this generation. He examines what has been done in other countries and claims that his scheme is practically and financially possible.

The acquisition of land and the planting and care of the forests would be in the hands of a Commission appointed by the Government. This Commission would consist of seven members, four whole-time experts in organisation, forestry, wood industries and finance and three persons possessed of special qualifications to act as part-time members in an advisory capacity. This arrangement would entail a complete breakaway from the system of Departmental control, with its inherent restrictions and lack of vision, as the Commission would presumably be directly responsible to a separate Minister of State.

Mr. Hobson admittedly does not set out to solve the problems which would confront the Commission. The purchase or leasing of half a million acres of land in a country of small holdings is no light task to be accomplished in the course of fifteen years. The settlement of rights of all kinds and the compensation to farmers deprived of the rough grazing which has been a useful adjunct to their small properties—these are legal matters difficult to speed.

Financially, Mr. Hobson's case would be strengthened if he argued from the now commonly accepted view that the State should not expect interest on money

invested in schemes of national importance. This is especially the case with afforestation where we are not investing in the true sense, but really repaying to the country the capital taken by this and previous generations when the woods and forests were felled in their entirety without provision for replanting.

It is unfortunate that no mention is made of the valuable experience gained by the Department of Agriculture during the quarter of a century it has been engaged at forestry. Mr. Hobson speaks of the absence of a body of expert opinion in Ireland and suggests the importation of trained technicians from abroad to advise on the utilisation of our non-agricultural land. He seems to be evidently unaware that the disastrous overture in Irish State forestry, the planting of Knockboy in Connemara, was undertaken on the advice of a very distinguished German arboriculturist with a high reputation in German and Indian forestry but sadly unacquainted with conditions here. The Irish foresters, though operating on a restricted scale, know the country and are familiar with the factors influencing tree growth. They have knowledge of the system of land tenure and can best arrange the work in the forest to the needs for labour of the farm. It is difficult to see how proposals for development can come to ignore such a valuable nucleus.

This pamphlet appears at an opportune time, and its far-seeing suggestions are worthy of earnest consideration.

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THE CRITERION: A QUARTERLY REVIEW. Edited by T. S. Eliot. January, 1933. 30s. per annum.

The *Criterion* opens with an appreciative and understanding study of the life work of G. Lowes Dickinson by Mr. N. Wedd. There is a translation by Helen Grant, entitled "Back to Flesh and Blood, A Political Programme," by Robert Aron and Arnaud Dandieu. They refer to a movement called "L'Ordre Nouveau," and this is apparently a manifesto of that group. It is an interesting document, but difficult to summarize. They say, "At the root of all our troubles is the complete failure to assess concrete personality." They explain concrete personality in a sentence too long to quote here.

The sentence ends by stating that it is "the source and motive power of all specifically human activity." And as neither capitalism nor communism can give scope to this faculty they call for revolution to realise it—revolution in their sense being an act of creation with well-defined aims, which include the suppression of nations and classes in the interests of human personality.

Mr. Charles K. Colhoun translates an article by Andre Malraux entitled "Preface to the French translation of Lady Chatterly's Lover." It is an interesting view from the French standpoint of the problem which Mr. D. H. Lawrence treats in his famous novel. Mr. T. S. Eliot contributes five short poems entitled "Five-finger Exercises." The inference of the title is obvious, but number three, "Lines to a Duck in the Park," does not exactly conform to type. There is something bigger here than a mere "Five-finger Exercise."